THE COSHOCTON AGE.

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—Geo. Nowell, of Oxford township, goes this week to Danville, Ill., where he expects to make his future home.

—There will be services in the Baptist church next Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Sunday school at 9:30 A. M.

—Emory Lininger, of Oxford township, started last Tuesday to Lincoln, Neb., to visit friends and look for a situation.

—Mr. James Ray, of Manchester, Ohio, has purchased China Hall from Mr. B. R. Shaw, and will take possession at once.

—Protracted meeting at the Baptist Church on White Eyes Plains this week, by the pastor, Rev. J. W. Miller, of Conesville, Ohio.

—Wm. Cole, agent at Oxford station, was at Columbus last Thursday to consult Dr. Hamilton in regard to an hypertrophied growth on his eyebrow.

—Evening prayer will be said at Trinity Church Friday evening at 7 o'clock. Sermon by the Rector. Service Sunday morning at the usual hour.

—Frederic Novice, of Oxford township, started Tuesday of this week, to Red Oak, Iowa, where he expects to spend the summer with former residents of this county.

—Miss Almira Harstine, daughter of John Harstine, of Adams township, a very estimable young lady, died last Friday of pneumonia. She was soon to have been married to a Son of E. C. Warren of that township.

—Treasurer Beaver last week made settlement with the State Treasurer. This county pays into the State School fund $6,569.59, and draws out for county school purposes $6,438 75; and interest on United States military school fund, $802.49. The State gets $11,810 26.

—Capt. L. B. Wolf, held a meeting in the M. E. Church at Orange, on the evening of the 3rd inst., under the auspices of the G. A. R., at which $25 were raised towards erecting a monument towards the memory of the dead soldiers of this county. He contemplates holding meeting in each of the different townships of the county for the same purpose

—Mrs. Resin Baker, who lives on Chestnut street, is dangerously ill. All winter she has been under the care of a physician, but the last few weeks appeared to be convalescing. Last Friday while the members of the family were absent, she was attacked with dizziness and fell before the grate, from which position she was unable to move. Her position was a dangerous one, and was occupied for two hours. She is now bedfast and under the care of a physician.

—The Auditor and Treasurer have made their semi-annual statement, after the collection of the December taxes, and the balance sheet exhibits the following:

For State Fund	$10,051 50
Common Schools	30,257 33
County Purposes	11,824 61
Infirmary	1,070 70
Bridge	12,329 42
Road Fund	64 96
Township Purposes	7,390 10
Township Road	995 45

The amount collected from the per capita tax on dogs, was $2,398.31. The total semi-annual collection of taxes for all purposes was $97,198.99.

—The Steel Works at Coshocton were destroyed by fire on Monday night of last week. The citizens immediately held a meeting to take action on rebuilding the works and decided to vote a special tax of $50,000, of which sum $15,000 will be donated to the Steel Works and the remainder to other industries which may locate there. That is the kind of spirit that will not only attract manufacturing establishments, but hold them when they are once located. With such public enterprise Coshocton is bound to grow.—*Wayne County Herald.*

—The Mohawk Cornet Band will give an entertainment on Saturday evening, Feb. 17, that will be a departure from the "Cute Niggor" performance so universally given in country villages. They have secured Miss Pauline Brown, an amateur elocutionist of more than ordinary ability, who will recite a number of the most popular pieces of the day. Those who have heard Miss Brown speak "Kentucky Belle," or "Bernardo del Carpio" will anticipate a rich treat in the recital of the following programme: "First Settler's Story," "A Twilight Idyl," Sheridan's Ride," "Kentucky Belle," "Too Late for the Train," "Bernardo del Carpio," "A Sign Board," "Curfew Shall not Ring Tonight," "Poor Little Joe," "Mrs. McWilliams and the Lightning," "The Burning Prairie," "A Naughty Little Girl's Views of Life."

—Mr. Henry Talmadge, now sojourning in Florida, favors us with papers from that State.

—Mr. Biggs, of the firm of Biggs & Crawford, is now in Eastern cities to purchase a stock of spring goods.

—Work still continues at the ruins of the steel works, and it will not be long until they are again in operation.

—The Directors of the Mt. Vernon, Coshocton and Wheeling Railway, will hold a meeting in the McDonald House, Coshocton, Tuesday, Feb. 13.

—Mr. J. W. Dwyer returned to his ranche, in New Mexico, last Tuesday. Mr. Anderson Johnson accompanied him for the purpose of prospecting.

—The W. C. F. M. will meet in the lecture room of the M. E. Church on Wednesday, Feb. 14th, at 3 p. m. A full attendance of all members is requested. Ellen G. Gibson, Sec'y.

—A life size portrait of the late Judge Sample has been on exhibition in the Coshocton Post Office this week, and by those competent to judge, is said to be extremely life like.

—One hundred and fifty acres, in Tiverton township, the property of Jacob McClain, deceased, was sold by Sheriff Miller last Saturday for $3,325, the appraised value being $2,500. Charles W. McClain was the purchaser.

—Postmaster Magaw has contracted with the Yale Lock Company for 200 new boxes, 100 lock and 100 call. The business of this office has become so great that the present accommodations are not sufficient.

—J. M. McClintock, a former citizen of Roscoe and Coshocton, but for the past years engaged in merchandizing and a woolen factory at Butler, Mo., has disposed of his interests there and located in Olympia, Wyoming Territory.

—The revival meetings in progress in the M. E. Church for the past six weeks, have been highly successful, there having been sixty accessions up to Thursday. Rev. Conkle is an earnest laborer in the Lord's vineyard and the membership is lending efficient aid.

—A Chicago swindling firm advertising themselves as grain brokers, and solicited business throughout this and other States. The Post Office department has denounced them as frauds. Holmes county people lost $30,000 in the concern.

—The floods attracted many Coshocton people to the river banks this week, but there is one family that could not be moved. A new baby at the Price House, the son of Mr. and Mrs. L. K. Anderson, was the cause. We have heard of people walking off on their ear for joy, but we never believed it could be done before. Pap Anderson, shake!

—Nothing of importance has developed in the way of new manufacturing enterprises the past week, except that Mr. Downing, of New Castle, Pa., writes that he will soon be in Coshocton to look over the field; and the Board of Improvement have assurances that if $12,000 and grounds are donated the Pittsburgh rolling mill will locate with us.

—Howorth's Hibernica is again announced for Coshocton, and that it is appreciated by our people is evidenced by the audiences that have heretofore greeted them. They have many new features, including scenes of the recent troubles in Ireland. The Scranton Republican says: "This entertainment, which has exhibited in our city the past two evenings, has drawn the largest houses of the season, and better satisfied audiences than were present on these occasions have seldom left the Academy of Music. We have no hesitation in saying this is the best show of the kind, both in talent of the company and quality of scenery, that has ever visited Scranton."

—The *Ohio State Journal* Monday contained reports from 24 counties of the State as to the present condition of the wheat in the ground, the effect of the January blizzard upon it, extent of injury from the Hessian fly, weather of last fall, the area sown as compared to that of the previous year, and the prospects for the crop of 1883 at present, as compared to that of 1882. While the outlook cannot be said to be brilliant, we cannot see much cause for alarm, and with reasonable weather from now on, the crop of 1883, will be of sufficient magnitude. The Coshocton report says the condition of wheat is not quite as flattering as it was before the late cold spell, but it is thought not to be damaged to any very great extent. There has been no wheat injured in this Co. by fly or dry weather. The area of wheat sown in this county last fall is about the same as the year previous, and the present prospects are that the crop will be fully as large. The cold weather, so far, has not affected the

RUINOUS FLOODS.

General Rising of Waters Resulting in Great Loss.

The excessive rains the latter part of last week resulted in a flood that has not been equaled since 1860, at which time the rivers at Coshocton became so great as to reach to Second street. The floods this week were at the greatest Monday, when the water came within about two feet of the height reached 23 years ago. The Walhonding first began to rise, and Sunday evening the territory known as the forks, or the angle formed by the confluence of the Tuscarawas and Walhonding, was completely submerged, and the Cat at Lewisville road as far as the eye could discern from the Tuscarawas bridge was a continuous expanse of water. The water at that time reached well up toward Water street, and dwellings located near the river were surrounded, but being situated upon a slight rise, were not flooded. During the night the Tuscarawas river began to rise, and by two o'clock had risen several feet, until many dwellings on Water street were standing several feet deep in the water, and families were compelled to move out. The residence of Mr. Milligan, the gardener, and Mr. Painter, a laborer, were so surrounded that their families were taken out in boats that were rowed up to the windows. Their furniture and household goods were not removed, and of course are badly damaged. The hot beds of Mr. Milligan, that in a few weeks would have furnished early garden vegetables, are all destroyed, and will prove a great loss to him.

The soap factory of Mr. Calvin Skinner was submerged and his kettles and a quantity of soap destroyed to the amount of about $150. Much fodder and some grain belonging to farmers along the river were swept away, and the land greatly injured by wash outs.

Mr. Jno. G. Stewart is damaged about $1000 by the loss of hay, grain, and injury to a barn; and the bottom land of Mr. Frank Wolfe, in Franklin township, was greatly damaged by a new channel being formed, an ice gorge forcing the river from its regular channel.

At Roscoe, above and below, the canal bank was broken, and the raging waters went rushing through the channel of the canal, washing away a great quantity of lumber for Adams and Gleason, and doing damage to others located along the canal.

At the Workman place on the Canal Lewisville road, the water surrounded them and stood several feet deep on the first floor, thus compelling the family to remain in the second story. Some live stock belonging to this farm was lost.

Mr. Robert Hanlon lost a valuable horse, and Mr. Charles Huff, lost several head of hogs.

The waters have greatly subsided, but the loss, combined, cannot yet be estimated, but will reach into many thousands.

At West Lafayette the waters extended from the river to the Pan-Handle Railroad, and great quantities of hay and fodder were washed away and the land left in bad condition, with great cakes of ice piled in every direction. A portion of the timbers for the trestle work of the Connotton Valley road were washed away, and the work on that part will be delayed for several weeks because of the ice piled along the line. The wood contractor expressed it as his opinion that work could not be resumed on the trestle before the first of April.

At Newcomerstown the Tuscarawas River rose very rapidly during Sunday night, and about daylight the water had reached a higher stage than ever within the past thirty-seven years. Dwellings in the southeastern part of town were flooded, the water covering the floors to the depth of several feet, compelling the families to move out, and causing considerable damage. Five heavy trestles on the Cleveland & Marietta Railroad were washed out and no trains have run on that road since Saturday. Live stock, corn, hay, etc., have been carried away by the flood, and great damage is being done on the bottoms by heavy wash-outs. An ice gorge four miles long formed and forced the river out forming a new channel through valuable lands.

Up the Walhonding a worse condition of affairs exist than ever before known. At Warsaw the water backed up through a culvert and ran into many of the cellars, something that never before occurred, Warsaw being situated across the canal from the river. The farms of Messrs. Hogle, Frederick, Foster and Cyrus Elder are greatly damaged, the water being forced out of its bed, cutting a channel through the farms. Much grain, hay and fodder were washed away, and Mr. James Walker lost 54 head of sheep.

Above Warsaw the water flooded the canal and the towing path is broken in six places between that village and Walhonding. A short distance above the Fry ford bridge the canal bank is completely washed away. Altogether the damage on this canal is estimated all the way from $20,000 to $50,000.

Down the Muskingum, near Dresden, the damage is not so great, but much rough feed was destroyed and a few fences washed away.

Contrary to the usual order of things, the damage along Wills Creek is not great, although the banks were overflown. At Wills Creek postoffice, or Frew's Mills, a correspondent gives in detail the damages.

The floods were general throughout Western Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana. Many places suffered far more than this county. In Northern Ohio the floods excel anything ever before known. At Cleveland to add to the damage a fire broke out in the property of the Standard Oil Works, and more than $200,000 was wrapped up in the flames. The water continued to rise and the damage in that city was more than two million dollars. At Columbus the damage is more than a million dollars; in the oil regions of Pennsylvania a million, at Pittsburg $800,000 and in many Northern Ohio towns from $10,000 to $100,000.

After a Burglar.

That was a jolly crowd that gathered around the euchre table of a prominent citizen who resides on Sixth street, one evening this week and as they handled the pastboards, and —— well, did as all euchre parties do, they became more and more jolly. Presently the house maid appeared and announced in frightened tones that a "burglar" was plying his nefarious avocation in an adjoining residence, the owners of which were away, and she appealed to the gentlemen surrounding the table to save the goods of their neighbor. One and all, with commendable valor, prepared themselves to capture the knight of the jimmy, that was depredating so near. They arranged themselves in single file with the most gallant one—he who possessed the gun—at the head, and marched forth. When they struck the sidewalk a halt was made, and the possessor of the gun in tragic tones addressed them as follows:

O, friends, be men and let your hearts be strong,
And let no warior in the heat of fight
Do what may bring him shame in others eyes;
For more of those who shrink from shame are safe
Than fall in battle, while those who flee
Is neither glory nor reprieved from death.

With one voice they responded, lead on brave Captain, and the "burglar is ours."

They surrounded the house and then looked in vain for the intruder, but he had doused his glim, and from between their chattering teeth—not from fear, of course, because it was a cold night—several spoke at once to say the bird has flown. Just then the light appeared again, and then it was they discovered it was caused by a reflection from a neighboring window, and no "burglar" did there exist. They one and all swore eternal secrecy, but some how or other it leaked out.

High School Entertainment.

On Friday evening of next week, Feb. 16, the High School intends giving an entertainment in the Opera House, for the purpose of buying such reference books—encyclopedias, dictionaries, etc., and apparatus as are sadly needed by the pupils and teachers of the institution. The leading features of the programme are a drama, entitle "The School Ma'am," and a farce, entitled "A Regular Fix." Music and recitations will furnish spice and add interest to the programme. It is to be hoped that all who are interested in the success of our schools will encourage these young ladies and gents in their laudable efforts to thus start a school library.

Below will be found the programme, so far as at present known:

THE SCHOOL MA'AM.

Kate Bell, the School-ma'am—Emma Taylor.
Mrs. Undertow—Carrie Pocock.
Marly Undertow—Lizzie Milligan.
Mrs. Grump—Nellie Hunt.
Minnie Trueblood—Ida Barnes.
Undertow, Cypher, Trueblood (Directors)—Charles Beaver, George Wagoner, George Snyder.
Milt Harmon—Herbert Denman.
Johnnie Grump—Homer Clark.
Jamie McWhack—James Ross.

A REGULAR FIX.

Hugh DeBrass—Addison Williams.
Mr. Surplus—James Ross.
Charles Surplus—Charles Beaver.
Abel Quick—George Wagoner.
Smiler—Roy Lockard.
Mrs. Surplus—Bertie Shaeffer.
Emily—May Johnston.
Deborah Carter—Amy Taylor.
Matilda Jane—Rose Hesket.

Recitations—Jennie Peck and Freddie Dent.

Vocal Solos—Misses DeMoss and Lynch.

Instrumental Music—The Orchestra.

Settlement Notice.

Notice has been given in these columns of the desire for a settlement on the part of all who owe for advertising, job work or subscription. Many have responded, but others have not. It is extremely necessary that settlement be made at once that the books of the late firm of J. F. Meek & Bro. may be adjusted. We hope all who read this will give heed.

New lot of embroideries just received at Hay & Ransom's.

After the Mt. Vernon, Coshocton & Wheeling Railway.

The people along the proposed lines for the Mt. Vernon, Coshocton & Wheeling Railroad are alive to their interests, and are making commendable effort to secure it.

In Coshocton county a new line is proposed by the citizens, as follows: Use the towing path of the Walhonding canal to the the six-mile dam, thence to Mohawk Creek, following the creek to a summit near the residence of Hiram Giffen, in Perry township, thence to Gambier in Knox county, where it would strike Owl Creek, and follow the same to Mt. Vernon. The people along this line are anxious for the road, and a survey will be made. They believe it to possess advantages over the other proposed route; and in addition thereto declare themselves ready to donate a right of way and not less than $30,000 to $40,000.

At Plainfield a meeting was held last Saturday in the interests of the road, of which Mr. John V. Heslip was Chairman, and J. D. Mayhew Secretary. Mr. A. B. Paul, one of the Directors, was present, and addressed the meeting concerning the proposed road, and also stated that the object was to organize by townships, that they might secure as much right of way, and as much by subscription as they could.

Mr. V. J. Powelson then spoke in favor of the proposed route. Mr. Jas. R. Johnson was then called for, who made a few interesting remarks in favor of the road.

Mr. Paul then spoke again of the advantages to be derived by this people in securing this route. On motion of T. J. Cook the following committe was appointed to solicit subscriptions and the right-of-way, and to meet the Board of Directors in Coshocton, on Tuesday, 13th of February '83: H. Frank, T. J. Cook, T. J. Platt, John V. Heslip, John Sicker, Jr., Martin Gosser, J. R. Johnson, and F. H. Magness. Mr. Paul then made a suggestion that the meeting adjourn to meet between now and the 13th. On motion of R. L. Baker, the meeting adjourned to meet Saturday, February 10th, 1883.

At present active work is only being performed on the proposed route between the Wheeling terminus and Mt. Vernon, but at the northwest the people are also alive, as the following from the Defiance *Democratic Times* will show. Speaking of the proposed road it says: "As projected it touches Wheeling, W. Va., and Coshocton, Mt. Vernon, and Marion in Ohio. The evident intention of the directors is to bear in a northwesterly direction from Mt. Vernon, touching Defiance on its course to Grand Haven, Michigan, or some point on the easterly shore of Lake Michigan, nearly opposite Milwaukee, Wisconsin. The south-easterly portion of this line touches the richest and most inexhaustible deposits of coal and ore in Ohio, which underlies large portions of several counties near the Ohio River.

This is *the opportunity* for us to secure a coal road; the city has been invited to co-operate in conference concerning its construction. While, in response to the above request for attendance, no person was present from Defiance, yet a telegram was sent the meeting informing them that Defiance was alive to the project, and would be found not wanting in superior advantages over all other points in this quarter which might be touched by its road. Again, we are constrained to urge the necessity of organization. Who will lead?"

The People of Martin's Ferry are also looking after the road as this from the *Times* of that town will show:

"As the construction of the Wheeling & Lake Erie to Martin's Ferry seems to be involved in so much doubt, and the masterly and merciless inactivity for that road on this end for the last twelve years seems but a poor return for the interest manifested and inducements offered by our citizens, would it not be well to divert these inducements, extend them to some other road or roads now seeking an entrance into our place? The Mt. Vernon, Coshocton & Wheeling road, a road traversing an excellent extent of country, officered and backed by good substantial men, who intend building the road, proposes coming to this place and Wheeling, over pretty much the same line as that selected by the W. & L. E. Why not offer this road, the Mt. V., C. & W., or the first reaching this place over that line, the aid which was proffered the W. & L. E., withdrawing the aid from the latter if it fails to be first built? We wish a railroad. We have had promises for over twelve years. Surely this is long enough to exercise faith—let us realize."

These evidences of activity on the part of the people along the entire line should be an incentive to the people of Coshocton to bestir themselves and lend all the aid possible to the road. It is safe to say Coshocton will soon be favored with additional manufacturing enterprises, but we must have more railroad outlets. Shipping facilities are necessary, and if we can assure manufacturers of the probability of the early construction of this road, with our many natural advantages, there will be no trouble in inducing foreign capitalists to locate with us.

—500 pair Chickens and 500 pair Turkeys wanted at J. W. Stanford's.

—Glover's Wall Paper for the Spring has arrived. Call and see it. 2t.

COLUMBUS

Naming the Temperance Babe.—Combining Against the Kinney Resolution.—Representative Miller, of Mercer, on a Drunk.—Brief Mention.

COLUMBUS, O., Feb. 6, 1883.

The General Assembly has again convened after the usual tri-weekly adjournment, if the absence of a quorum in the House, and a "corporal's guard" in the Senate can be convening. It was partly to get a name for the temperance babe which is to be Christened on St. Valentine's Day that the Solons went home. No doubt they come back pregnant with ideas on this all important matter.

On last Monday and Tuesday the Senate took a whirl at the Kinney resolution which provides for complete control of the question by the Legislature, and, after an almost interminable discussion, passed it.

Tuesday was a field day in the House also; the Jones resolution, which provided license or legislative control, was the first to come up. It has survived from last winter. The Senate amendment to it provided for prohibition, and so it came back to the House. General Jones advocated his original measure in a warm speech, and the House after a long and windy debate, postponed the entire matter until Feb. 16. We understand Gen. Jones is quite ready to accept the Senate amendment.

St. Valentine's day will be a field day in the House. It is likely a combination will be made against the Kinney resolution. After talking with many members, your correspondent is of the opinion the matter stands Kinney against the field, with the chances in favor of the field. A half dozen propositions have been offered on the same question, notably one said to have been drawn up by Judge West, of Bellefontain, which has a fair open look on its countenance, but is really the Kinney resolution in disguise, and the House may be able to see throught it.

The anti-license people and the rabid prohibitionists are pouring in remonstrances, and fighting the Kinneyites with might and main. A prohibition amendment will not be passed this winter, that is certain. If it were passed the voters would sit down on it hard next October. So there is no need of paying much attention to their ravings.

It is to be hoped the party will fulfill their promise given at Cleveland, to give the people a constitutional amendment for their rejection or ratification. If they fail to do so, it is certain that the people will elect members who will, next October, for they have been waiting for years for a solution of the question.

Representative Miller, of Mercer, has descended to the lowest depths. He is a sort of Banquo's ghost that will not down, and is a standing warning to the Legislature of the evils of intemperance and their dereliction of duty. He has been on a spree so long that he is actually without decent clothing. He appeared in the House the other day with no shirt but a woolen under shirt, his hat battered and muddy, his whole attire disordered and indecent, and took his seat, smoking a bad cigar. The Speaker called his attention to the infraction of the rules, and he left the House. The subject was discussed in the House, and it was decided he was partially insane from drink. His case was referred to the Judiciary committee, which caused him to be taken before Probate Judge Gale for an inquest of lunacy; but the Judge decided that such proceeding should take place in Mercer county, his home. He was finally placed in the city prison. The city prison physician pronounced him partially crazed by drink. It is to be hoped that something will be done to restore him to his senses, or at least protect the honor of the Legislature.

A large number of bills have been introduced; among them were giving married women the same property rights as single ladies; requiring county surveyors to keep their records open for inspection at all times; providing for an uniform series of school books in all the schools of each county; imposing a fine of $500 for false statements as to administering an oath; requiring marriages recorded in the probate court within three months after the ceremony; requiring all cities of the second class to pay ten per cent of their bonded indebtness each year; regulating the responsibility of husbands for their debts of their wives contracts before marriage.

Petitions are pouring in for the abolition of the contract system of labor in the Ohio Penitentiary, and it is quite likely the discussion of the Peet Bill which has this for its object, will be quite lively.

Altogether, the prospect for a short session is fading like a beautiful dream. One good sign, however, is the indefinite postponement of three canal-stealing bills, selah!

The resignation of Judge Longworth, from the Supreme Court bench; the meeting of the Ohio Penitentiary directors; and the fearful floods, overflowing all of Franklinton, one of the "rhubarbs" of Columbus, constitute the balance of the budget of this week's news. The junketing members are slowly coming in from the New Orleans Mardi gras, and the great congressional carnival at Washington.

FARRAND

—Glover has received a new lot of Spectacles, in Gold, Silver and Steel Frames. Attend to your eyes. 2t.

A Few Opinions of the Special Edition of The Age.

THE COSHOCTON AGE just booms about the big undeveloped coal fields in Coshocton county, and thinks nothing is lacking save capital and enterprise to make the desert places there blossom out like a (black) rose.—*Columbus Sunday Herald.*

THE COSHOCTON AGE deserves well of the people of that city for its exhaustive and magnificent description of the resources of the county, the various enterprises of the citizens of that lively town, and for the very valuable information given in over twenty-two columns devoted to the subject.—*Columbus Sunday Capital.*

THE COSHOCTON AGE comes to us this week with seventeen columns devoted to a description of the wonderful natural wealth and advantages of its town and county, which cannot fail to attract attention of persons seeking investments. The mineral wealth of that county, her rich deposits of coal, iron, stone, fire-clay and salt, with her valuable water power and rich agricultural lands make it one of the wealthiest counties in the State. The enterprise of THE AGE should be responded to by the citizens of Coshocton county in a liberal manner.—*Columbus State Journal.*

THE COSHOCTON AGE, of January 13, contains sixteen pages of reading matter the principal features of which are the articles devoted to a description of the value and extent of the minerals locked in the subterranean bosom of the hills of old Coshocton only awaiting the silver key to open up to enterprising capitalists and manufacturers untold wealth. The natural advantages of Coshocton county are second to none in the State, and it remains with the citizens of that county, by their action, to say whether it shall remain as it is, or take its stand among the wealthiest counties in the State.—*Zanesville Signal.*

We have just received a copy of THE COSHOCTON AGE, devoted to the interests of the county and the enterprising city in which that valuable journal has its home, and we congratulate the talented young editor, J. F. Meek, upon this commendable venture in journalism. A complete and thorough history of the town and county is presented, and the advantages and resources of both are accurately and intelligently set forth. Coshocton is destined to become one of the wealthiest counties in the State, and its capital a busy, bustling, manufacturing centre. Mr. Meek has given his fellow townsman a sample of what energy, brains and toil will accomplish, and this special edition of THE AGE should have a wide circulation. He has performed a valuable service for his county and town, and deserves, as he will receive, the recognition of the business men in increased confidence and patronage.—*Zanesville Courier.*

Monies for Township Treasurers.

The following exhibits the February payment to be made from the County Treasury to the respective Townships and Special School Districts for School, Township and Road purposes. On and after Thursday, of this week, the Township Treasurers can draw the sum here indicated as due them:

Townships and Districts	School.	Township.	Twp. Roads.
Adams	$ 1,649 29	$ 28[illegible]	$ 6 17
Bethlehem	1,093 20	344 86	57
Bodford	722 33	386 60	12
Bedford Sp. S D	344 83	.....	.....
Clark	984 40	223 83	26 60
Crawford	1,701 40	312 06	2 38
Franklin	1,272 34	307 04	157 78
Jefferson	1,436 37	216 17	32 80
Jackson	1,308 51	353 98	3 50
Roscoe U. S. D.	657 42	.....	.....
Keene	995 11	558 38	13 30
Lafayette	643 08	118 00	139 78
Lafayette S. S D	552 01	.....	.....
Linton	1,051 41	640 00	45 62
Mill Creek	518 43	61 56	11 76
Monroe	638 63	201 70	14 60
New Castle	656 89	519 76	16 04
" " S. S. D.	581 36	.....	.....
Oxford	1,266 73	168 78	150 92
Pike	896 73	231 97	5 04
W Carlisle S S D	233 84	.....	.....
Perry	786 40	390 86	2 33
Tuscarawas	1,824 08	856 00	250 00
Tiverton	1,424 24	162 62	29 10
Virginia	903 04	476 63	73 34
Washington	778 89	862 18	3 65
White Eyes	1,223 18	308 54	8 76
Coshocton Vill'ge	4,521 85	.....	.....
Totals	$30,028 08	$7,390 10	$995 45

The Village of Coshocton, in addition to her draw for school purposes, is credited with a village fund of $4,590.15, and a special paving fund of $33.45.

The Coshocton Grange

Will hold its regular meeting on Saturday, February 17th, at 10:30 a. m. Question for discussion. "Do the children of farmers need the same kind of education as the children in towns and cities?"

D. F. DENMAN, Master.

O C

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Only a few more pairs of those all wool Blankets left at Hay & Ransom's, that they are closing out at cost.

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SHATTERED LIVES,

OR

A TERRIBLE SIN.

CHAPTER IX.

HIS TRUEST FRIEND.

When Clyde Lorraine saw his friend he had to tell him the good results of his advice and the friendly interview with Mr. Rutland. Two days had passed when it is took place, for when Clyde called on Cameron, that gentleman was out of town.

"But he left word to say he would call on you at your hotel," the servant said, "and hoped he would not miss you."

"Out of town," thought Clyde. "Rather strange that he had no idea of leaving London when we were last together, but it is no business of mine."

He stayed at his hotel, scarcely going out till the evening of the second day, when Cameron put in an appearance; he looked unusually happy even for him.

"Did you wonder what had become of me?" he said.

"As much as I had a right to. I might not have felt anxious, but I wanted to tell you that your advice was good."

"Then Mrs. Lorraine will go with you?"

"No; she is too ill for that, but I saw her and had quite a friendly interview with her father. He is not a bad-hearted man, and has plenty of hospitality, such as it is. Perhaps his worst fault is that he is not the material out of which silk purses are made."

"Perhaps we are too exacting in that respect, Frank. Gentlemen are not plentiful, yet we expect every man we meet to reach our own standard, or we are apt to sneer at him. Of course, the rich man, when not a gentleman, is never a pleasant person to deal with, but nature will relieve you of him at the proper time, and—you are quite reconciled to Mrs. Lorraine?"

"Quite; it was nothing but the trouble she endured that estranged her. She looks a different woman now, already."

"You have never told me—I have never asked you—the real cause of the difference between your father and yourself," said Cameron. "What was it?"

"I will tell you, if you like," said Clyde, with a gloomy change of features, "but I do not see what good can come of it."

"Never mind, tell me."

"Well, I was heavily in debt; I do not know how, but as it is,—when a man does not keep count of the way it goes, I was short of ready money, had overdrawn my allowance, and we did some bills together."

"We! Who was the other gentleman in the transaction?"

"Aaron Rigby, a man I believed in then, and have no particular reason to doubt now, though it would puzzle me to say why I no longer believe in him. He, however, knew a money-lender, and I did not, and he drew upon me for five hundred pounds. I intended to tell my father what I had done, but Rigby said we should be able to tide over it till I was of age—we should only have to pay a little interest from time to time."

"And, as that gave you a respite, you did not tell your father."

"I did not. We scraped along for about six months, and then Rigby told me the money-lender might behave badly—I had better go to my father at once. I went. The bill had been presented to him, his name and mine on the same."

"And he thought you had made a dishonorable use of that circumstance?"

"That was his direct accusation. He complimented me with bitter sarcasm on my ingenious avoidance of a forgery and substitution of a fraud. I was stunned and indignant; I had not a word to say, and, in fact, he did not give me time."

"Tell me, how did this Mr. Aaron Rigby behave when he know what had taken place?"

He seemed astounded, asked me to go with him to the money-lender, and in my presence reproached him in unmeasured terms. They gave each other the lie direct—the money-lender, Mr. Clarkson, being exceedingly polite all the time. 'Do you think,' he said, turning to me, 'put it to yourself, Mr. Lorraine, that I would have advanced such a sum as five hundred pounds on your name, when you are simply a minor? Not that I doubt your honor; but except for that, the bill is simply a bit of waste paper; and Mr. Rigby's name is not worth a penny to me nor anyone else.'

"The scene was cleverly arranged," said Cameron; "or else that money-lender is a singularly honest man."

"'Whether Mr. Rigby told me so in so many words, I could not undertake to say,' he said," Clyde went on, "'but I distinctly understood that he was negotiating the matter for Colonel Lorraine and I would have given five thousand pounds as readily. And, in fact, you have taken me by surprise, for the colonel himself paid me the money without a word, except to thank me for what he was pleased to term my courtesy in coming direct to him instead of presenting the bill at his bankers.'"

"Mr. Clarkson had the best of it," observed Cameron; "and you could only believe there had been a misconception of the truth."

"What else could I believe when Rigby offered, almost implored me to let him go to my father and explain, taking all the blame upon himself?"

"He knew how proud you were, and would refuse, as he had begun to be afraid," said Donald. "That man meant your ruin from the first."

"For what reason? We were inseparable friends, and he did me many a service."

"Was he not one of the party that missed the train, and threw Miss Rutland in that false position with her father?"

"Yes; but you astonish me, Donnie."

"No doubt," said the young Scotchman, with a smile. "Did he ever express any admiration for Miss Rutland?"

"Not before me; he always spoke most highly of her; but she did not like him. She was always restrained when in his company, though he treated her with more respect than he did any other woman. You do not mean to say he was in love with her?"

After a fashion of his own. You may depend upon it that if she had cared for him, as she did for you, he would have been very glad to find her at his mercy, but he would not have made her Mrs. Rigby. Your wife may have had faults, Frank, but she was true in all that makes a woman pure and faithful to herself, though she had a dangerous and accomplished scoundrel to deal with in him."

"You have astonished me past comprehension," said Clyde, with a deep breath. "How is it you have become acquainted with these things?"

"When I was a lad," said Cameron, "I had a friend of whom I was very fond; his name was Francis Clyde Lorraine. When I heard of this unhappy difference between him and his father, I wanted to know exactly what the cause was, and I learned it."

"From whom?"

"The colonel. I appealed to him as one who loved you, and had a right to know; and for reply he showed me that fatal bill, simply remarking that the name had not been written by him."

"Well."

"I was pained, shocked—forgive me, Frank, for a moment, it was certainly not more—I myself doubted you; and then my heart rose, and then I told him from it that I would stake my honor—a thing not done lightly by my father's son—that you were innocent. I told him, in which, perhaps, I went too far, that he had no right to doubt you without perfect proof. He only pointed to the bill again, wrung my hand, and left me."

"You did that for me, Donnie? And all these years one of my saddest thoughts was, that if we ever met, you would let me pass, or give the compassion of an old friend to a fallen man."

"You stupid Frank. Then it was that feeling which made you so strange when I saw you by the Serpentine?"

"That only."

"Well, I had staked my honor, and in my hard-headed Scotch fashion, I set about redeeming it. I placed the whole matter in the hands of our family adviser, one of those shrewd and genial solicitors whom it is a pleasure to meet anywhere. When I mentioned the name of Clarkson he smiled. When I spoke of Aaron Rigby he looked doubtful, and had a few minutes consultation with his private book and his confidential clerk. Then he nodded, and told me I should hear from him."

"Now," Cameron went on, very gravely, "you know I had to go abroad, and a very long time indeed elapsed before I heard from him. Remember this, Frank, you yourself had practically, in the eyes of the world at least, accepted your father's verdict. You had disappeared. Your change of name, or rather the dropping of your surname, explains it. Still, to the legal mind, as well as to the general mind, that was enough. The matter was simplicity itself. You had signed the bill in the name of Frank Clyde Lorraine—a name that stood alone in the army list and the directory. The bill had been negotiated by this Mr. Rigby, and the money advanced by Clarkson, and paid by your father, without demur. Clarkson adhered to his story without flinching. Rigby swore to his. And there the matter ended, or seemed to."

"Seemed to."

"I still clung to that absurd old faith of mine in my friend,—the lad who, when he got into a wrong, would not tell a lie to escape the punishment; the lad who would not take an insult or a sneer even from a man of twice his age and size; the lad whom I had seen in every mood, at every hour of the day and night, had never perpetrated a mean and cowardly fraud either with thought or deed. And so I determined to watch Mr. Rigby, get someone to make a friend of him—a simple-minded pigeon, who could be plucked so that not too many feathers were taken at a time."

"You thought of such a thing as that?"

"No, the idea was not original. I picked it up at one of the clubs, where a gentleman, who had some doubt of his wife's fidelity, and not the slightest of his own, for he was one of the worst profligates, and therefore one of the most exacting husbands in London, employed similar means. Moral surveyors are not nice people, Frank, but they are necessary."

"I will admit that, if you like, but——"

"Yes, I know you are like the gentleman who did not see why a man must live if he could only do so at the expense of his friends. However, Mr. Aaron Rigby being at one of his haunts, on the look out for prey—he has many hunting grounds—fell in with a simple, fond, innocent youth, whose time was all his own. He had no one to look after him except an imaginary maiden aunt, and he had plenty of money—no settled allowance, but whatever he wanted."

"He was an agent instructed by your solicitor?"

"Partly. He was the son of a detective, and had been a spy for his father ever since he went to school. Mr. Rigby became singularly fond of him, and they spent a good deal of money together. Young Jarvis—Alfred, I think it is, shared Rigby's room in time; but the game had to be carried on for two years before your name was mentioned."

"Then?"

"As a matter of course the result came. One night, after champagne, and I do not know how many kinds of drink, Rigby went home in a fury. He had seen your wife and spoken to her, and she had quietly told him if he did not leave her, she would give him to the first policeman they met. This took place three years ago, Frank."

"And she did not tell me."

"And I am afraid women never do mention these incidents. I am still more afraid that they do not always act with Mrs. Lorraine's firmness and discretion. However, the whole story came out, and he told his innocent young friend that he had tried to tempt her when she was a girl, and she threatened to tell you. She reminded him that you had beaten him once. That, I think, was true."

"Yes, it was true," said Clyde. "I gave him a heavy thrashing for telling a lie about a girl, and I should have done the same if it had been the truth; but he owned he was in the wrong, and apologized."

"So would any reptile of his kind who wanted revenge on a man he was afraid of, and he told young Jarvis, with much delight, how he had ruined you. He did represent himself as acting for your father, at your request. The infernal scheme was wonderfully well laid, but he had lost sight of one thing. He thought your father would repudiate the bill, and then Clarkson would have you committed for forgery. Now it would not have been forgery, even had you written with a guilty intention; it would have been fraud—obtaining money by false pretences, and then there would have been only his statement against you."

"You know," said Clyde, "where I can find him?"

"Oh, yes; that is to say I did, but as I do not want Colonel Lorraine's son to be put in Newgate for strangling a felon, I sent him word by his former friend, Alfred Jarvis, that he had better put as much of the sea as possible between himself and you, and he has taken my advice. You can afford to let him go, Frank. There is more to come. I went to Tunbridge Wells yesterday."

"To see my father, Cameron? How is he? But what is that to me?"

"Nothing, perhaps; except as you like," said Cameron, quietly. "I went down for my own sake chiefly, you see, because I had to redeem my honor. I did take the trouble to get a written confession from Mr. Aaron Rigby, in the presence of Alfred Jarvis, my solicitor, and two unusually stalwart policemen in plain clothes. I thought it might interest Colonel Lorraine, even if it did not please him."

"And——"

"I will not keep you in suspense," said Cameron, seeing how deeply Clyde was moved.

"Let me tell you, Frank, that he did not want that proof; he merely glanced at it. I told him how I met you, and how you had lived, even to that economical breakfast, when you had a liberal supply of papers in addition to your coffee, and he said this:

"'Ask him to forgive me for doubting him, and tell him I will try to forgive him for leaving me without an explanation, and staying away so long.'"

Frank grasped Cameron's hand, and tried to speak, but could only say "Donnie;" then he sat down and covered his eyes.

CHAPTER X.

THE ADMIRAL'S NIECES.

Cameron left his friend till he was more composed, and it was some minutes before he returned. He had not much more to say, but Clyde could have listened to him the whole night through.

I do not know how this will affect you with the admiral's engagement," said Cameron. "Of course, you will go to your father at once and retake your old position; but you are married, you see, and to a lady whose father is a tailor, whether he calls himself a merchant clothier or not. Now, Colonel Lorraine, who makes himself in birth higher than the present reigning family, would like to have his name carried down to posterity by the child of a lady."

"You told him of my marriage?"

"I told him everything. We talked till I lost my train, and we talked again this morning, and might have been there talking still if I had not wanted to get back to you. I told him how she left you with her father, and he said, rather to himself than to me, that it was a pity you did not leave her there. Then he coughed a little, and said he was glad you were fond of her, and took a very lively interest in the boy. The boy is a Lorraine, you see, and thinking of him as your son he quite forgot the mother, for, after all, according to his theory of birth, the mother plays a very unimportant part in the scheme of creation; but there is another thing, Frank, the colonel is no longer a rich man."

"He was never extravagant," said Clyde. "He keeps a large establishment, but quite within his means."

"As they were; but he has been hit hard in one or two big speculations, in which I fancy Mr. Rigby had a hand. He was a large shareholder in more than one of the banks that have failed, and he had to pay up in full; then, as you know, he held an enormous quantity of Turkish bonds, which, in ten years or so, will be worth about as much as those of Philadelphia, and that means their value by weight as waste paper. So you see the difficulty. You want a separate establishment for Mrs. Lorraine. You could go into your father's house if you were single, but being married, you must have a separate establishment, and the colonel cannot afford it."

He had no idea of keeping back a morsel of the truth, this young Scot, whose head was as hard as his heart was generous.

"If it were my case," he said, "I should take the engagement, if only for a year."

"I will, most certainly. My wife, at least, shall not be an encumbrance."

"Then you may as well dress at once, and come with me to the admiral's," said Cameron, coolly. "I promised to take you there this evening. You are no stranger to him, though I dare say the girls will have forgotten you."

"And they will certainly have grown beyond recollection," said Clyde. "But when did you see the admiral?"

"Just before I came to you. I work by method, Frank, or I should never get through so much."

"And you have told him?"

"Naturally. He is an old sailor, and likes things all fair and above board, as he says. Besides, it will save explanations on your part."

Admiral Grayling was a gentleman as well as an old sailor, but it would not be true to say that the many years' service he had see at sea had improved his disposition or elevated his ideas of human nature. Jack ashore may be a very jolly fellow, when not addicted to drink and company he would be better away from, but Jack afloat is apt to find life irksome; for he has hard work, hard diet, and very often hard usage. As Admiral Grayling had found him, Jack did not always come into service with the best of characters, and nothing but stern discipline and the fear of punishment kept him in his place and in the service till his time was out. The romance of the ocean is wholly fictitious—the common sailor's life is one of discomfort, hardship, and repression.

The admiral took the navy as he found it, with all its abuses and wrongs, including the conservatively cherished cat. He tried a system of his own during his first command, and found that, while the good men got along as well as ever—no better and no worse, the bad ones gave him unlimited trouble and no encouragement for his kindness. He found himself tricked and laughed at, so he threw his system and generous intentions overboard, and the rope's-end and cat were used as freely as ever. If it pained his honest heart to see grown men degraded like unruly school boys and felons, he consoled himself with the reflection that there was no help for it—he had tried the other way and been ill-rewarded—the good men could take care of themselves and had nothing to fear, the bad deserved all they got.

When he inherited the property in Ireland from a somewhat distant relative, he made up his mind to apply the same tactics there as he had used at sea; perhaps he had a little regret that he could not not take the rope's-end and the cat with him for the sake of the more refractory tenantry. One thing he was determined upon, as he told Clyde after dinner, he would have his money; the men who rented his land should pay their money.

He had greeted the son of his old friend very warmly, somewhat surprised to see a thoroughbred and perfect gentleman in one whose life had been, to say the least, Bohemianish for many years. The tall, sinewy figure, and proud, quiet, determined face, struck him with admiration, and he said to himself here was the very man he wanted.

"They tell me," he said—"people who know the country and the inhabitants, that they will respect a gentleman, but the usual kind of agent is more likely to be insulted than not."

"They would respect anyone who did his duty in the right spirit," said Clyde. "I confess that my knowledge of the country is limited to the men I have met in London and read of in Charles Lever's and Samuel Lover's books."

"And 'Moore's Melodies,'" put in Gabrielle. She had taken a kindly interest in her uncle's guest throughout the evening, "and that beautiful story of Robert Emmett and poor Miss Curran, in that touching song he wrote about her."

"Yes, I know the song and the story well," he said, "and there is nothing more touching and beautiful up to a certain point; but—forgive my heresy, Miss Grayling—I don't care for Moore, and I should be sorry to accept him as the representative poet of Ireland. He has pretty thoughts, but nearly every second line is commonplace, and the effect is deceptive."

Miss Grayling looked surprised and a little hurt.

"Take the song you speak of," he went on—"'She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps.' There you have a pretty and poetic image; but the next line is sadly commonplace—'And lovers around her are sighing.' It is tame, unmusical, and conveys a false impression. Sarah Curran had very few lovers, and she did not die of a broken heart, in spite of Washington Irving and Sir Thomas Moore. She lived to marry Major Sturgess, an officer in the English service, the son of Lady Harriet Wentworth and William Sturgess, a handsome peasant—a ploughboy, in fact—and very much her junior. She adopted and educated him, and so became mother-in-law to Robert Emmett's bride, and grandmother to a family of handsome children."

"You have broken one of my cherished illusions, Mr. Lorraine, and I do not think I can forgive you."

"I am very sorry if I have. It was not necessary to your illusion that the poor girl should die of a broken heart; the story is very beautiful and touching without that. She clung to him to the last, and lost home and friends through him; and her husband was a noble fellow, who did not care the less for her that he knew this dead man's memory shared her love for him in her heart."

"The other—the man who was hanged—was a noble fellow, too," said the admiral, "and, of course, we must punish high treason, though I think they might have spared him. We do not get such men now, Lorraine, as Emmett, and Howe, and Fitzgerald; they gave their own money and their lives for the cause they believed in."

"But your tenants shall do their duty, sir, for I will do mine to the letter," replied Frank.

"And get an accidental bullet from behind a hedge," said Cameron, from his chair by the side of Gabrielle's sister. "Do not take the spirit of Colonel Lorraine with you into Ireland, Frank; they do not understand discipline, and the admiral had better be an absentee till he can forget the rope's-end."

"You must not incur any danger, Mr. Lorraine," said Gabrielle, quietly, and dropped her lovely eyes as he looked at her; "a life like yours is dear to so many."

[To be continued.]

Why She Chose the Handkerchief.

A patient, quiet young salesman in the men's underwear department in a New York store heaved such a sigh the other day that a reporter for the *Sun* who stood by inquired what the trouble was.

"Do you see that young lady going away there with her mother?" replied the young salesman, passing a long, thin, white hand through a poetic head of hair, and then pointing to a chattering, laughing, daintily-dressed young woman who was following an enlarged edition of herself through the crowded store.

"Lately married," he added, sententiously.

"How do you know that?"

"See, here are forty-eight night-shirts that I have had to pull down from the shelves above, open, stretch out, and show her, and that I now have to fold up and put away. And ne'er a sale, nor even a thank you. She came to me, with her mother, and, modestly blushing, asked to see some night-shirts."

"'Boy's?' I asked.

"'No, men's,' she replied.

"I brought down some fine linen ones but she said they were too small. Then I climbed up that step-ladder and got her numbers 36 to 42. She said the latter were the size.

"'Have you any frilled bosoms?' she asked.

"I pulled down the latest style in frills.

"'Haven't you any of those colored frill shirts with little pockets?' she continued.

"I went to the end of the counter. I climbed up the step-ladder and got down three boxes of colored number forty-twos, frilled. She examined each box, pronounced them sweet, priced them, tossed them all about; then she turned to her mother and said:

"'Ma, which do you think he would like best, one of these shirts or a silk handkerchief?'

"'You know best,' answered her mother.

"She thought for a moment and then as she trotted off, I heard her say, 'I guess, ma, I'll buy a silk handkerchief. He can wear that to church.'

"'That's so, dear,' ma replied, 'and he can't wear a colored frill night shirt to church.'

"There they go to the silk counter," added the young salesman, as he heaved another sigh from his breast and a shirt box to the shelf overhead.

Lyman Beecher's Absent-Mindedness.

Dr. Beecher was frequently absent-minded. On one occasion, after an evening's service, he started for home in a brown study. The houses in his block were of the same pattern. He entered the wrong door. The house which he mistook for his own was occupied by a well-known hatter, by the name of Rhoades, a Unitarian. The Doctor put his hat on the stand in the hall, and went into the back parlor, where Mrs. Rhoades and her family were gathered, drew a chair up to the fire, put his feet to warm on the mantle over the grate, tipped back his chair and his head—simply thinking. Just then he happened to notice a French clock under glass upon the mantle, and exclaimed: "Wife, where in the world did you get that clock?" No answer. No one could answer, for they were ready to burst with merriment at their neighbor's absence of mind. "I say, wife! where *did* you get that clock?" Mrs. R. was a lady. Putting her hand gently on his shoulder, she said: "Dr. Beecher, you have made a mistake and got into the wrong house." He cast a quick glance around upon the family circle, sprang from his chair, and with a bound was out of the house, without a word of explanation or excuse.

Idaho Meanness.

"Don't you go there," he said, as he turned around on the passenger who announced that he was going through to Idaho. "They are the most selfish people you ever saw." "How?" "Well, take my case. I ran a wild-cat under a school house and discovered a rich mine, and yet they wouldn't let me do any blasting under there during school hours for fear of disturbing the children. I had to work at nights altogether, and they even charged me thirty cents for breaking the windows." "Indeed!"—"And in another case, where I staked out a claim and three men jumped it, the Governor refused to issue ammunition or let the Sheriff move; and do you know what I had to do? I had to dig a canal from the river, three miles away, and let the water in to drive the jumpers out; and even the Coroner who sat on the bodies made me pay for the coffins, and charged me $12 for a funeral sermon only seven minutes long! Don't go beyond Colorado if you want to be used well."

For Nothing Ever Could Stop It.

A man erected some kind of new-fangled pumping apparatus for a rancher at Paradise Valley, Nevada. The pumping machine was to be driven by wind. The other day, when a ten-knot breeze was blowing, the inventor "turned her loose." In about half an hour the machine flooded the cattle corral with water and floated away the butt end of a hay stack. The ranchman yelled to his machinist: "Stop her! stop her!" but it happened that provision for stopping was what the inventor had not thought of. Had it not been that the well was soon pumped dry the whole ranch would probably have been washed away. Even after the well was dry the machine threw mud and gravel so wicked that to approach it was unsafe. The rancher now says: "It is a good pump—a wonderful pump—but it needs a regulator."

When a porter on a Pullman palace car learns that one of the passengers is a "spotter" or detective for the company he marks that spotter by cutting three crosses on the bottom of the heel of one of his boots. The porter who next shines the spotter's boots sees the marks, informs the conductor, and they two are honest as the day is long while the detective remains aboard. It has been suggested that a spotter be put on each car, but this naturally gives rise to the question, "Who would watch the spotter?"

Farmers' Wives.

At the recent Farmers' Institute held at St. Clairsville, Belmont county, Mr. A. T. McKelvey delivered an address on the topic, "Problem of Domestic Help on the Farm."

Mr. McKelvey regarded the solution of the Problem of Domestic Help of vital importance to the farmers of Eastern Ohio, for since the farmer's wife can scarcely procure competent, reliable help at any wages, the plans and operations of her husband are thereby seriously crippled, and oftentimes entirely defeated. He then contrasted the grievous burdens born by the farmer's wife, struggling through a protracted harvest single-handed, with the wife of the merchant or professional man, who calls to her aid the services of the baker, the butcher, the laundryman, and the seamstress, and who, when the dog-days arrive, flies away to the country for rest and recuperation in the home of her less favored sister. The root of the evil, he believed, lay at the very basis of our society. Our people should be educated to believe that all honorable labor is elevating, and no young woman in any position of life who practices the virtues and possesses the instincts of a lady, but will command the respect and receive the courtesies due to a lady. As methods of relief he suggested that farmers relieve their wives of milking, the management of the garden, the care of poultry and calves, etc., and as far as possible employ only farm hands as can find boarding and lodging in their own homes, and when domestic help can not be procured, crop the fields on the shares or have the work done by contract. He insisted that the farmer's wife was entitled to this consideration by reason of the fact that nearly all labor-saving machinery had been introduced upon the farm, while nothing worthy of mention had been adopted in the home. In conclusion he said it might be more profitable to pursue the old methods, but he asked how could added acres or hoarded grain compensate for the labor-hardened hands, the care worn brow, the premature gray hairs, and the pathetic stoop in the form of her whose pathway in life it was your duty and privilege to lighten and make smooth? Of what value is our boasted independence if our wives and daughters are doomed to a life of persistent drudgery? It we would attain the highest measure of domestic bliss we must win for wives health for her body, help for her hands and food for her mind.

"Peoria, Wife, Baby."

From the Waterbury Republican.

"Peoria, wife, baby," were the words which Judson J. Hough, dying from the effects of injuries sustained at the frightful Milwaukee hotel fire, painfully spelled out that the shuddering bystanders might learn who he was, and might communicate with his friends. "One of the most touching incidents of the catastrophe," is the way a correspondent puts it. Truly it was touching; "Peoria, wife, baby;" home, loved one; the dear and trusted wife, the prattling babe enfolding in its little life the possibilities of a noble future—both in Peoria, and he, he who created the relations which made the three one, he who planned to be their stay and protector, he lay there on the pavement, miles and miles away from home, dying, dying a death which makes strong hearts shudder even to read of. How many men daily close their front doors behind them with cheery good-bys and soft kisses, never to return! How many men daily hurry off to business, heedless of the pleading eyes of wife and children, scarcely pausing to utter a formal good-by, never to return except as they are carried home by the undertaker! How many men with anger in their hearts, or with brain inflamed by alcohol, ruthlessly turn their back upon home, never to have another opportunity to make reparation for neglect or cruelty! "Peoria, wife, baby!" "Home, Sweet Home!"

National Reunion at Columbus, Ohio.

The National Reunion of ex-soldiers and sailors of the late war, to be held at Columbus, Ohio, on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, July 25, 26, 27, and 28, 1883, promises to be the largest affair of the kind ever held in this country. The accessibility of Columbus by rail, its central location and numerous attractive points of interest, make it one of the most desirable points for a large gathering of this character. The hotel facilities of the city have been increased nearly two hundred per cent. since the grand and successful reunion of three years ago, and the citizens are making liberal provision to accommodate the expected throng in a hospitable manner.

Five hundred large hospital tents will be pitched on the spacious fair grounds, which, with the numerous new buildings erected on the grounds within the past year, will afford accommodations for many thousands of old veterans who prefer to make their quarters at the fair grounds.

The semi-annual encampment of the G. A. R. of the State will probably be held at Columbus at the same time. Invitations have been extended to the President and his Cabinet, the Vice President, Speaker of the House, Generals Sherman, Sheridan, Pope, Hancock, Grant, Logan, Rosecrans, Butler, McDowell, Hazen, and all the leading generals and distinguished soldiers of the war; also to the Governors of all the States. A sufficient number of responses have already been received to indicate that there will be the largest gathering of distinguished and eminent statesmen at Columbus during the reunion than have ever been assembled at one time.

All the railroads and their connections diverging from Columbus will make low rates for the Reunion and the several hotels of the city will make special reductions in their rates for the accommodation of the veterans.

For further information address S. S. Peters, Chairman, or D. M. Brelsford, Secretary, Executive Committee National Reunion, Columbus, Ohio.

BRAINY MEN

Raise Their Voices in Defense of American Industry.

Thursday night an immense public meeting was held in Cooper Institute, New York, and was presided over by Peter Cooper, with many eminent men as Vice Presidents.

Mr. Cooper said he was glad to see the attention of American people fixed on the question of free trade and protection. The free traders of other countries have tried to persuade us to adopt their teachings. Should they be adopted our mechanics would be forced to work for starvation wages or abandon their trades and become competitors of the agricultural laborers of the country. Our country would, if these theories were adopted, be reduced to the condititION of Ireland, Spain and Mexico. We would produce the raw materials and others would do the manufacturing. Such a policy would bring ruin upon hundreds of thousands of American workmen who have nothing to sell but their labor. Should the tariff be reduced 25 per cent., it would cost us at least $1,000,000,000. Free trade in England produced a condition of wretchedness among the working people and gave them barely sufficient to maintain life. The effect in America would be similar.

William M. Evarts said he was very glad an organization that knows its mind and possesses reasons for the work it means to accomplish is engaged in presenting the great question whether labor of this country is to be protected. The late elections have proven, if they have proven anything, that the people are to be the masters; that extravagance and willful misuse of public money by public servants must be stopped. There were only two points emphasized by the voice of the people at the late election. The question now comes whether, in reducing the revenues of the Government, the tariff system shall be so arranged as to benefit our own industries or the industries of foreign countries. American laborers know on which side their bread is buttered, and there can be no doubt what their answer to the question will be. In the days of the colonies they wanted us to devote ourselves to catching fish and killing bears, while they would furnish us with all our manufactures. After we had gained our independence, the English, chagrined at the loss of our trade, tried to regain their power over this country by what they called the laws of trade.

Mr. Evarts then gave a sketch of the causes of the panic of 1837, and traced the ups and downs of tariff legislation from the time of Henry Clay. He said the war of the rebellion gave us a debt which it was necessary to pay. We were thus obliged to raise a large revenue, and this gave us protection. Our kind English friends thought we stood in our own light when we attempted to pay our debt, but the truth is we appear to be always standing in their light. Having established our political independence and having established our industries, the question arises shall we keep labor at the high standard it enjoys in this country, or shall we level it to the standard of countries in which the laboring man is not the main factor and actor in the government. If the revenue is to be raised or to be taken off the matter must be regulated by one of two systems: Either a tariff for revenue only or one so regulated as to protect home industries.

Free trade would reduce us to the position in which we stood before the revolution, and our hundred years of progress would result in nothing. The system of protection is said to be monopoly; but if it is, it is a monopoly of the American laborer over the foreign capitalist. If our country were threatened with invasion by a foreign foe, would we not rise up as one man to resist, and are we so foolish as not to put up peaceful barriers of duties to resist a disastrous invasion which the free traders would invite. The methods of the American Constitution should be used in favoring every locality in the country, and every individual in the country. The country has but one interest and one destiny. When the issue comes between the people and their representatives, there can be no question as to the manner in which it will be determined.

Two tramps were making a tour in Missouri together and their agreement was to share comforts and discomforts equally. One asked a farmer for a chew of tobacco, and got it. The other demanded half, and was told that there was not enough to divide. Enraged at this act he murdered the offender.

MARY KELLER, a young student of the Pittsburg Schools of Design, gave so much promise that persons interested in her contributed money to send her to Italy for higher study. Her parents lately received a letter from her, saying that Baron Ferdinand Antonio Sonello had asked her to marry him, and that she would like to do so; that her poverty was sufficient proof that he had no mercenary design, and that his character and social standing were excellent. The father made an investigation, which resulted satisfactorily, and the betrothal took place.

A BOY in his 14th year, with a girlish face and lisp, was found straying about the streets of Providence at 1 o'clock in the morning, and taken to a police station, where a search revealed on his person a big pistol, a gimlet, a pair of scissors, a tallow candle, a Police Gazette, and some novels with such titles as "The Wharf Rat's Revenge" and "Carbineer Ben; or, the Pirate's Last Shot." His intention was to commit a few ordinary robberies at home and then start out for greater achievements in the far West.

IRRIGATION has been tried in Western Kansas with marvellous results. Formerly it was thought that the dry plains stretching toward the Arkansas River were useless for agricultural purposes. The light and fickle rainfall, the dry air, the hot winds, and the long summers were supposed to constitute a combination of unfavorable elements that it would be impossible to overcome. But broad ditches were dug that distributed the waters of the Arkansas over these tracts, and now they bloom like a garden. The crops yielded the past year were astonishing. Onions were raised at the rate of 500 to the acre, oats 100 bushels, and other products in similar proportion.

THE crime of body snatching has just been repeated in Montreal, despite the public indignation aroused by preceding disclosures. Last month Philadelphia was in a similar excitement over the same offence, and in one cemetery some families had their graves reopened, to satisfy themselves that the remains of their relatives had not been removed. From time to time, in one part of the country or another, great alarm is caused by the presence of resurrectionists. Not long ago a doctor in western New York came to a terrible end while engaged in body snatching, being found shot dead in a graveyard. Neither popular sentiment nor the law of the land seems able to materially check this shocking trade.

AT a donation party a Methodist pastor refused the proffered money, because against his previous protest, the young people indulged in kissing games. He writes to the *Christian Advocate* to ask whether he might properly have avoided the sacrifice. The editor replies that donation parties are sure to bring together romping boys and boydenish girls, and unless the pastor is a gentleman and his wife a lady and some of the influential members are persons of piety and good manners, the tone of the church is certain to be lowered. In some parts of the country disgraceful things occur, such as hugging, kissing, dancing and rough sky-larking. If the pastor is to receive the proceeds, he cannot be indifferent to the conduct of those who form the party, unless when all is over they come to a better mind and acknowledge that this had been a wrong act. In that case he can take the money.

IN November next 400 years will have passed since the birth of Martin Luther and a new edition of the reformer's works is announced as one of the proposed modes of doing him honor which Germany will adopt. Hitherto the best edition to his Latin and German works has been that published at Erlanger, 1826-1857, and in a second edition, 1861. That editior will be superseded by the new one. The German Emperor has presented the necessary funds for the undertaking, and the Prussian Ministry of Worship has appointed a committee to superintend it. The editor will be Pastor Knaake, who has an unrivalled knowledge of Luther, and has for some years been exploring German and English libraries in search of books and manuscripts bearing on the subject. The edition will be published at Weimar, and the first two volumes of it will appear on the anniversary of Luther's birth, Nov. 10.

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DISASTERS OF A MONTH.

Over a Thousand Lives Lost in January on Land and at Sea—An Extraordinary Series of Calamitous Fires, Floods, Explosions, Shipwrecks, Railroad Collisions, Earthquakes, and Blizzards—The Inauspicious Beginning of 1883.

January was a remarkable month. Its fatal and terrific collisions, fires, and explosions, and the alarming death rate, the list of business failures, and the overwhelming series of shocking casulties that marked it will make it memorable for years.

The month had just begun when the news of Gambetta's death was flashed over the wires to all parts of the world. The mystery that hung over it, together with the perturbation and excitement it caused in France, made the event the sensation of the world for several days.

On the day that the news of Frances' loss arrived the President of the United States stood in the White House, surrounded by the wives of the Cabinet officers, receiving congratulations from a throng of callers. The decorations were strikingly bright, the uniforms of the diplomates and soldiers were brilliant, the costumes of the ladies were rich. The band was playing, and the whole scene was one of life of animation. Suddenly Elisha Allen, the Hawaiian Minister, dropped dead near the threshold of the reception room. The White House was closed at once, and the brilliant throng was dismissed.

Three days later came the news of the spread disaster and death over a large part of Europe. The Rhine and the Danube rose, inundated villages and towns, washed away bridges, undermined houses, and spread distress over many miles of territory. The Rhine dam at Ludwigshafen gave way and many people were drowned. The list of the dead along the Rhine numbered more than seventy persons. France, Switzerland, and Austria also suffered great distress.

On the following day Gen. Chanzy died. After Gambetta he could worst be spared in France. Gambetta was called the soul, and Chanzy the sword of resistance to German invasion. It was said that the Germans feared Gen. Chanzy as they had dreaded Skobeleff.

On the following day, the 6th of the month, the Inman line steamer City of Brussels, as she was nearing Liverpool in a dense fog, was run down by the steamer Kirby Hall. She sank almost immediately. The Captain of the City of Brussels said that the fog was so heavy that he stopped the engines and allowed the vessel to drift with the tide. After she had drifted thus for forty-one minutes, the Captain heard the whistles of steamers on both port and starboard sides. He thought that the two steamers were passing him in parallel lines. A moment later a white light loomed upon starboard bow, and before anything could be done the Kirby Hall struck City of Brussels with terrific force. The Captain of the City of Brussels stuck by his ship till he went down and then clung to a spar until rescued. Ten men were drowned.

Four days later occurred the appaling loss of life in the Milwaukee hotel fire. The hotel was a veritable death trap. The fire started in the basement at 4 a. m.—an hour when all the inmates were asleep—and shot up the shaft like a meteor. In a minute suction of the air from the shaft into the corridors had carried the flames into every story and before any one had time to give an alarm the whole north end of the structure was a sea of fierce and roaring flame. The stairway around the elevator shaft was burned away, and the sleepers were caught in an awful trap. Another stairway was at the extreme north end of the building, but almost inaccessible. The flames and smoke swept through the corridors, and the affrighted guests were aroused by the suffocating smoke pouring through the apertures of the doors followed by the glare of the fire. Some rushed forth almost into the heart of the flames and struggled toward the further stairway. A few of them escaped; the others were overcome by the smoke and roasted in the fire. But most of the people were awakened too late. When they jumped in affright from their beds and threw open their doors they were met by surging flames. They flew to the windows. Five or six or seven stories below was the stong pavement. Many jumped, and were picked up mangled and dead. Others shrank back from the fearful jump until the flames swept into their rooms and shrivelled them into unrecognizable shapes. Many women hung from the window sills and rent the air with screams until the fire licked their hands and they went spinning down to a horrible death. At one time there were five women hanging at the same time from sixth story windows. Below were thousands of men looking on horrified and powerless as the women dropped one by one to the street and were picked up dead. The servant girls had no chance of escape, for the fire rushed up the stairway, consuming it as it passed, and swept into the servants' rooms. One after another they jumped from the windows in the top story of the burning building to the street below. Thousands looked on and saw them meet their death. The proprietor of the hotel became insane. The belief was general that somebody had set fire to the building, as no less than four attempts to burn it down had been made within two years. The number of lives lost was 74

While they were still digging bodies out of the Milwaukee ruins the Planters House, a big hotel in St. Louis, caught fire. It started at the same hour in the morning as the Milwaukee fire, but most of the guests escaped; three, however, were killed.

On the 11th day of the month 10,000 people were driven from their homes in Hungary by the floods. Many were drowned. The dykes around Raab gave way, and the deluge completely inundated the town. Great distress still prevails there.

On the 14th occurred a frightful fire in a circus in Russia. It was in some respects even more horrifying than the disaster at Milwaukee. Eight hundred people were packed into a circus building in Berditsheff when the alarm of fire was given. The structure was built of wood, and was without windows. The performance was about half over and two clowns were in the ring. Suddenly a third clown rushed in and shouted "Fire!" The people thought it was a part of the performance until the ringmaster ran out shrieking at the top of his lungs. A moment later the fire began to creep from the stables. The people rushed for the main entrance. The doors opened inward, and were forced shut and held there by the pressure of the terror-stricken multitude. Some fought their way to the two side exits, but both were firmly nailed up, and defied all efforts to break them open. It was impossible for the victims to escape. When the people realized this they began to throw their children into the ring from all parts of the house. There was a carpet into the ring, and there the fire did not reach. Parent imbued with a heroic instinct tossed the little ones down from the galleries and from all parts of the house. Nearly 200 children huddled together in the ring and watched the slow approach of the fire with blanched faces. A few cried piteously, but most of them were awed and fascinated. But as the fire crept around the building, the parents forgot their heroic impulses, and one by one jumped into the ring too. Soon the enclosure was a mass of struggling, fighting, terror-stricken men and women. The poor children were trampled under foot by the mob as it surged frantically about. Then twelve or fifteen horses, scorched and maddened by the flames, sprang into the ring where they bounded frantically about among the people, trampling them to death. The whole ring was now a struggling, fighting mass. The fire brigade was summoned, but it did not arrive until half and hour after the fire began, and then it was impossible to do anything toward putting out the fire, as the tanks were frozen. After great effort the doors were cut away, but nearly 300 people had already perished. At the main entrance the scene was horrifying. The blackened bodies of scores of victims lay packed in the doorway, where they had been held as in a vise and slowly roasted to death. It is said that the fire was caused by a groom, who threw a cigarette in the straw.

On the 16th twenty-two successive earthquake shocks destroyed many houses and frightened the inhabitants of the province of Murcia in Spain. There was also a heavy earthquake shock in Bohemia. During the week preceding there had been shocks in Illinois and western Kentuckey, as well as in Canada and New England, and many destructive shocks in the island of Formosa. The number of earthquakes in this remarkable month kept pace with the diasters by fire and flood.

On the 17th day of the month the steamer Josephine left Seattle, W. T., and sailed for Skagit River. The next day, when off Port Susan Bay, her boiler exploded. The passengers were at dinner. The crown sheet of the boiler went straight up through the forward cabin and pilot house, and blew the man at the wheel high in the air, killing him instantly. Two men who were waiting at the dinner table, directly over the boiler, were blown to atoms. Neither the Captain, the purser, nor fireman could be found afterward. Eight persons were killed and many more were wounded.

On the following day occurred the great powder explosion in Holland. The village of Mulden was wrecked, twelve persons were killed, and neighboring towns were seriously damaged. The gunpowder manufactories for the Dutch army are situated at Mulden, and terrific exposions occurred at the same time. The roofs were blown off the houses, and windows were broken eight miles away.

The same day two awful disasters occurred. The steamship Cimbria was sunk, and there was a frightful accident on the Southern Pacific Railroad. The Cimbria sailed for New York from Hamburg with 600 souls aboard. The morning of the 12th was clear at first, but later a heavy fog settled or the sea and increased in density hourly. The engines of the Cimbria were kept at half speed for a time, and finaly were run very slow. Shortly after two o'clock whistles were heard, and a moment later the British steamer Sultan, a freight and passenger boat, was seen headed directly for the Cimbria. She struck the Cimbria abaft the first collision bulkhead, heeling her over on side. It was seen at once that the Cimbria was going to the bottom. Lifebelts were hastily distributed, and spars were cut loose for the passengers to cling to. A few minutes later the ship went down, leaving hundreds of men (and women struggling in the water. One by one they drowned. Some of the passengers and crew crowded into the only three lifeboats that could be cleared away and rowed along the coast until picked up by passing steamers. Less than a hundred were saved. Meanwhile the British steamer went on her way. When she arrived at Elbe she reported the collision. Survivors of the disaster described the scene at the sinking of the Cimbria as terrible. The air was filled with the cries of the hundreds who struggled until benumbed by the icy water and then sank from sight. The steamer Sultan was seized by the police on the 22d. Her captain then claimed that he had waited twelve hours at the scene of the collision.

The calamity on the Southern Pacific railroad in California was due, according to the verdict of the Coroner's jury, to neglect on the part of Conductor Reed and Brakeman Patten. The overland express train which left San Francisco on the 19th stopped at Tehichipa to take out an extra engine, to assist in pulling up the Tehichipa grade. By some means or other the train got away, and started backward down grade of 120 feet to the mile. The train consisted of two engines and eight or nine cars, some of them sleepers filled with passengers. The train went whirling down the grade at a frightful speed for a distance of four miles. Then a curve was reached, and two sleeping cars and the mail, baggage, and express cars jumped the track and went down an embankment fifteen feet high, where they lay piled in a shatted heap. They caught fire and passengers, who were imprisoned in the wreck, were burned to death. Many of the unfortunate victims were held down by pieces of timber or heavy iron. They struggled to free themselves but could not move, and the fire finally put an end to their sufferings. Others, maimed and injured, lay upon the snow, and were unable to render any assistance to those who were valaly endeavoring to escape from the fire. The passengers in the sleepers were awakened by the fearful velocity of the train, but in a few seconds, and before there was time to do anything, the crash came. Thousands of splinters, bits of iron glass and debris flew in the air, and the luckless passengers were buried under the wreck. Then the fire burst out and the smoke from the painted wood swept over it all. A fierce wind was blowing along the mountain side, and the weather was bitterly cold Those within the first car struggled valaly. Only one man was dug out alive from under the heap of ruins of the first car. There were sixteen lives lost.

California had another accident that day besides the railroad horror. The Atlantic Giant Powder Works, near Oakland, was the scene of five almost simultaneous explosions. Nearly forty men were preparing twenty-five tons of powder for shipment to Portland, Oregon, when the explosion occurred. The men were blown to atoms. The shock of the explosion was felt seven miles away, where the people ran from their houses, thinking it was an earthquake. Houses for a distance of a half mile from the scene of the explosion were shattered, and many painfully wounded.

On the same day the ship, Vorwarts was sunk off Libau, and eight persons were drowned.

The day following witnessed the death of another famous man in France, Gustave Doro.

The next day three coal trains, consisting of three engines and 69 cars, became unmanageable on the George's Creek and Cumberland Railroad, near Cumberland, Md. All were coupled together, and when got in motion their momentum was so great that it was impossible to stop them. They went down the steep grade with frightful rapidity, until one of the engines jumped the track, and the rest of the train went crashing down an embankment. An engineer, a fireman, and three brakeman were killed, and several others mortally injured.

The sinking of a considerable portion of the city of Wilkesbarre on the 24th day of the month not only caused a panic in that town, but seriously frightened thousands of people who live in the mining districts. Nearly one hundred acre of ground on which the city stands caved in and hundreds of houses were unsettled and many rendered unsafe. The structures must be rebuilt, as they are so badly racked that it will be impossible to repair them. Huge fissures in the earth extend across large tracts of land. The disaster was caused by the removal of the natural props in the Delaware and Hudson Coal Company's mine underneath the city. The scenes at the time were extraordinary. There was a loud roar, then a rumbling sound, and the earth shook violently and the houses rocked. Then came a crash, and the people rushed into the streets as their houses began to fall about their ears. The ignorance of the scared inhabitants concerning the nature of the impending disaster added to their alarm. The miners living in the quarter of the city that was shaken rushed about the streets not knowing what to do, and women sprang from their beds and fled out of doors. Nobody stopped to dress, and they almost froze in the piercing wind but were afraid to return into their tottering houses for more clothing. So they waited in the streets for sunrise. The people of Wilkesbarre are yet living in daily alarm. The whole city is undermined, and another disaster feared. Relays of watchers have been organized, and a system of alarms arranged. The people are moving away as fast as possible from the district that has caved in.

On the 26th the steamer Agnes Jack was wrecked near Swansea. She went ashore on a reef, and was just out of range of rockets, and utterly out of reach of boats. The people on shore saw twelve of the crew clinging to the mast of the ship. One by one they were swept away. At last the captain stripped off his clothes, plunged into the waves, and swam for the shore. He too was drowned.

Fierce and disastrous storms and floods began in Great Baltain on the 25th and continue as the month expires. High winds and heavy rains have blown down buildings and flooded all the low-lying lands. The storm has raged for several days, and snow has also fallen heavily. The towers of the new Law Court buildings have rocked so that pedestrians were warned away from the vicinity, and the gale has done great damage to buildings in Driffield, Preston, and Fleetwood. The mails were delayed, and the sea wall at Bridlington was seriously damaged. Rivers overflowed their banks, and much of the low country in Ireland was inundated. People have been obliged to flee from their houses and great distress prevails. Terrific gales swept over the Severn valley during the night of the 29th, and the sea has been so high that tidings of disasters to steamers are looked for hourly.

On the 30th of the month great snow slides swept down the mountain sides of Colorado, and hurled miners and their buildings to destruction. Over slide started at the top of Ruby Peak, near Irwin, and rushed with terrific velocity down toward the valley. It traveled a mile and a half, carried away all of the shaft houses and machinery belonging to four mines, and buried eight men. In three other places in Colorado slides occurred that day which resulted in disaster and death.

On the last day of the month came the news of the wreck of the Italian steamer Anson off the coast of Tripoli in which twenty persons perished.

AN UPROAR IN THE HOUSE

Caused by a Running Discussion of the Tariff Question.

The Rev. Mr. Anderson, the Kansas member who is making trouble for his party just now, says the Washington correspondent of the New York Sun, was seeking the Chairman's eye, and he got it. It was understood that Belford, who is known as the Blaine of the West, had irritated Anderson by reading him out of the Republican party because he was voting with some of the revenue reform Democrats on the amendments to the Tariff bill. It was therefore expected that Anderson, who has a sharp tongue, would make a vigorous reply.

With a bound volume as big as Webster's Dictionary in his hand, Anderson began to read from it extracts from the Republican platforms of 1876 and 1872. "There," said he, slamming the book down, "I am a Republican who stands by his party's platform." Then with a voice like prairie thunder, he added: "The gentleman can't read me out of the Republican party for voting as I do, unless he reads Mr. Randall and the others Pennsylvania Democrats in. The Pennsylvania Democrats are voting with him and with the mass of the Republicans. If I can be read out they must be read in. I am only taking Republican platforms at their word, and, while favoring a tariff for revenue, am trying so to vote as to discriminate in favor of American labor. But my party mustn't discriminate against the interests of my State."

That speech caused excitement. Randall was trying to catch the Chairman's eye. Cox came running down the aisle shaking his finger. The Republicans wedged themselves about Kelley, who paused in the eating of his lunch, while Brumm, the Pennsylvania Greenback-Republican, got ready to take a hand in the battle. At length Brumm got the floor, and was too hot to make any formal beginning. "Pennsylvania Democrats," roared he, "are not voting with us. I have watched them. While they profess at home to be protectionists, they come here and vote with the free traders." Here there were great shots. "Oh, no!" "Time!" "Vote!" "Give him a chace!"

"It is true," he continued, "I saw Randall voting with the free traders. I saw Mutchler. I saw Musgrove" Here the tempest became a hurricane, so that it seemed as though you could almost see the foam whipped from the waves. There were clapping hands, shouts, a dozen members calling to the Speaker, and crys of "Time," "Vote," "Keep it up." Above all the clear voice of Brumm was heard, "I tell you we can tell men by the company they keep." Then, turning to the Republican side, he shook his finger at Anderson and Kasson. Said he: "When I see Kasson and Anderson pretending to favor a tariff bill, while picking flaws at every opportunity, I doubt their sincerity." Here the crowd pressed in front of Brumm. The Chairman's gavel had fallen. Brumm's five minutes were up. The throng was pressing over to Randall, and the interests was intense to hear what he had to say. No man's course on the tariff bill has been more close watched than Randall's. When he votes to sustain the Ways and Means bill there are many men who shake their heads and say, "Ah, ha!" and when he votes to sustain an amendment that reduces the tariff there are many other men who look wisely at each other and say, "Oh, ho!" So that now the great excitement was betrayed by abnormal quiet.

"In view of what has been said," Randall began quietly enough, "I ought to say a word. I stand here in my representative relation, and in that capacity I say to the House that I recognize the fact that there cannot be free trade between nations whose scale of wages differ. I want to make the tariff so that we can cover the gap between the scales of wages, and we need go no further." Here there were loud cries of "Good," "That's right," "Keep it up." "If the House," continued Randall, "would bear this fact in mind, you would approach this subject with no political view, but with a business view alone. In my opinion the Ways and Means bill is inferior to the Tariff Commission bill, and in some respects the Senate bill is preferable to either. I want this bill so made as to give incidental protection to my people." Here there were cheers and cries of "Vote," and taunting "Ahs."

Cox got the floor next. Said he: "For Democrats all protection is robbery. Incidental protection is burglary; open protection, highway robbery. Nobody on this side, however, is an abstract free trader. But every Democrat should be for freedom of trade. Our doctrine is to take off the shackles on industry and raise money enough to pay for a frugal Government." Here Cox turned from the party, as a whole, and to Skinner, the Watertown, N. Y., Republican, and engaged him in a brief passage that was lost by reason of the war of the billows.

At length Calkins threw down the red-covered novel that he had been quietly reading during all this turmoil and rushed into the battle. He said that Randall was right; that the gap in wages ought to be closed. Then, raising his voice, he added: "As a politician, I'd like to see you Democrats beat this bill. You can't pass a Tariff bill next year. You tried it for six years when you were in power, and didn't do it. I serve notice on you now that if you beat this bill you beat yourselves."

Then there arose a great shout: "Good! Vote! Time! Give it to 'em! Go it!" while mingled with these shouts were great laughter and moans and taunts. Then Kelley got the floor and put a stop to the noise by making the parliamentary motion that put the control of the House into the Speaker's hands. After that the storm quieted, and for the rest of the day the sun shone.

Horrors of a Southern Prison.

Is the South no more civilized than Russia? This is the question which rises involuntarily to the lips after a perusal of the "Biennial Report of the Inspectors of the Alabama Penitentiary." A more revolting picture of inhumanity than is therein presented it has not been our misfortune to contemplate for a long time. What we should hear if the prisoners themselves in this Alabama hell were to speak, the mind shudders to contemplate. In the summary of revelations which we are about to make we shall confine ourselves strictly to the language of the officers as it is given in their report. How any human being anywhere can read it and not feel the blood boil in his veins is a mystery.

The prisoners in Alabama are farmed out to contractors, as they are in most of the Southern States. We gave an account a few years ago of the horrors of the "chain gang system" in Georgia. Many of these are repeated in Alabama, and others are added which make the picture even blacker than the Georgia one was. A large portion of the Alabama convicts are let out to contractors for work in coal mines and on railways. The contractors have full authority over them, flog them without restraint and without mercy, and lodge them like pigs. The average number of convicts between September 30, 1880, and September 30, 1882, was 531. Of that number 61 died. Here is a death rate of over 11 per cent. But an analysis of the division of labor shows more appalling figures than these. About half the convicts were employed on farms, and of those only ten died, or less than 4 per cent. Of the other half, employed in mines and on railways, 51 died, or more than 20 per cent. This is murder pure and simple, and its causes are plainly set forth in the report. Speaking of the mines at New Castle and the way in which the convicts were flogged and maltreated there, the Inspectors say:

"The beds and blankets were filthy, particularly at New Castle. The prisons were infested with vermin and not ample for the accommodation of the convicts. The squad worked on the railroad was in a worse condition. They were packed in small weather houses, the sick and well together. Their clothing and persons were infested with vermin. They seldom had vegetable diet. The average number of this squad did not exceed forty. Twelve have died. What has been said of the prisoners at Coketon and New Castle as to uncleanliness and vermin may be said of nearly all the prisons, except that elsewhere these evils and abuses exist in a modified form."

This is the plain language of the inspectors. It is based on the reports of the Warden, chaplain and physician of the Penitentiary, and is mildness itself compared with what they say. Thus the Warden, who entered upon office in March, 1881, describes what he saw:

"I found the prisons where convicts were confined in most instances totally unfit for the purpose for which they were intended. They were built, in most cases, with a view to the strictest economy. No regard was had to the important question of ventilation, and the prison frequently contained twice as many convicts as its dimensions would warrant. They were as filthy, as a rule, as dirt could make them, and both prisons and prisoners were infested with vermin. The bedding was totally unfit for use. I found that convicts were excessively, and in some instances cruelly punished; that they were poorly clothed and fed; that the sick were neglected, insomuch as no hospitals had been provided, they being confined in the cells with the well convicts. The use of dining room furniture at some prisons was unknown, the men having their meals spread on a bench, or shelf, or given them by the cook in their hands. The prisons have no adequate water supply, and I verily believe there were men in them who had not washed their faces in twelve months. In visiting the different prisons, I found the men so much intimidated that it was next to impossible to get from them anything touching their treatment. In this condition I found things on my first visit to the prisons."

He says this condition of affairs is irremediable under the present system, and thus pays his tribute to that as an agent of civilization:

"I am firmly of the opinion that our system makes men and women worse. They are more demoralized, and less fit to return to or enter upon, their social duties than when convicted. Society is less secure after their return than before their conviction. How is it possible to reform a man or woman without first inspiring self-respect? and how is it possible for him or her to have self-respect when rolling in filth and preyed upon at night by vermin to such an extent as to drive him or her mad? I am prepared to demonstrate that our system is a better training school for criminals than any of the dens of iniquity that exist in our large cities. The first lesson taught is that the State cares nothing for the criminal nor his well being, that the only interest in him is as to how much money the State and contractor can jointly realize from his labor.

The Rev. J. B. Anderson, the chaplain, sustains and corroborates the assertion of the warden, and in righteous indignation exclaims:

This neglect of and cruelty to convicts may go on for a time yet, but sooner or later the curses of Almighty God will be showered down upon the commonwealth. Unless the present system is changed, the Judge of all the earth will see that retributive justice is meted in due season to the State of Alabama. Under the present modus operandi the Alabama Penitentiary, as a reformatory institution, is one of the grandest farces and one of the most sublime humbugs that human intelligence could possibly imagine. The whole of the present regime is a palpable falsehood, and the State Penitentiary is itself a lie.

This is not the language of the North toward the South, but of a Southern clergyman upon a Southern State. The physician of the Penitentiary, Dr. R. M. Cunningham, confirms the statements of the others quoted. He mentions some conditions of filth so extreme as to be unmentional here, and gives the following as the condition of the convicts brought to the hospital from the contractors: "As a rule they look like they had not washed themselves or their clothing in months. They were frequetly covered with lice. In short, cleanliness was a stranger to their persons."

This, let it be remembered, is the official language of Southern officials on a southern institution. We have no doubt that similar revelations might be made of the penal system in other States. The chaplain, whose indignate protest we have given, says the excuse made is that "nearly all the convicts are negroes and that a negro cannot be reformed." This is the root of the whole trouble. The South has not yet learned that the negro is a human being.

Another Big Steal.

About three weeks ago a hue and cry was raised after Tennessee's defaulting State Treasurer, Col. Polk, who was captured after some remarkable adventures in Texas. Now Alabama officers are looking after Alabama's State Treasurer, Mr. Vincent, who is a defaulter. A committee, after his flight, was appointed by the Legislature to examine his accounts, and reported Saturday. The total amount to be accounted for by the Treasurer, from October 1, 1880, to January 31 1882, is $2,063,000. They found in cash $170,000, and a deficit of $213,000.

Mr. Vincent, the absconding State Treasurer, has long been a frequent and welcome visitor in the gambling dens with which Montgomery is cursed. Welcome because to the charm of his gold he added that of losing without cavil or complaint. Draw poker was his favorite game, and on it he squandered the State's money with a lavishness that only kept pace with his popularity. He played with the best people, men who hold offices, politicians, lawyers and statesmen. All this was known and talked of, and still he played and still he lost. At first he staked but small amounts with small limits, but soon he rose to the dignity of $250 limits. He was warned of his danger months ago and promised to refrain, but instead of stopping he grew more and more reckless. He is said to have lost more than $500 at a sitting more than once. His infatuation grew with what it fed on, and finally he lost his head, and within the six months past he once rose from a table on which he left $1,800 of the people's money, lost in a few hours.

He was not the victim of sharpers, only a poor player, and his disappearance from the arena where he has been so easy and valuable a prey will be long and loudly mourned.

He also lost large amounts by dealing in cotton.

His bondsmen are worth the full amount, but before leaving, Vincent obtained the bond, and therefore there is nothing on which they can be held.

Asleep for Over a Year.

One of the most curious cases on record is now to be seen in the insane asylum at Buffalo, N. Y., says a correspondent of the Pittsburg *Dispatch*. One of the patients is a German from Southern Ohio. He is 30 years of age and quite good looking. When your correspondent was ushered into his presence by the warden it seemed at first sight that the visit was ill timed, as the patient was sound asleep. Without offering any explanation the warden commenced to pound upon the bedstead and floor in the futile effort to awaken him.

After a vigorous tumult the warden stated that the man had been in a comatose state for more than a year past. He was found in the street here and was taken to the station house by an ignorant policeman, who believed him to be intoxicated, but his real condition was discovered by a surgeon, who believed him to be suffering from epilepsy, and he was removed to the asylum. He has only spoken once during his long sleep, when he said that he had been "commanded to sleep by the Lord, who would awaken him."

Dr. Granger, the assistant of Dr. Andrews, the Superintendent of the place, was questioned regarding this peculiar case. Said he: "This man, who has excellent connections in Ohio, is suffering from an hallucination of the mind. He is as insane as any patient here, the only difference being he believes he was commanded by God to sleep, and the delusion he is only following out. We have tried various experiments in the vain endeavor to arouse him, including electricity, shower baths, and have even resorted to tricks. We have to feed him the same as a child, on liquid food only."

They then tried several plans to show that the man was then in a sleep as sound as death itself almost, yet proving him entirely conscious. Upon pinching his flesh not a move of the muscles or quiver of the flesh was observed, though his breathing was quite audible. The headboard of his bedstead was soundly rapped and the patient twitched his face and closed his eyelids convulsively. He was lifted up in bed and fell back limp when unsupported. Dr. Granger thinks the man realizes everything that transpires in his presence. He says he is liable to arise at any moment, either a perfectly sane man or a combative, destructive, raving maniac. The case is truly a remarkable one, and is attracting much attention, especially in scientific and medical circles.

Washington Irving's "Crayon Papers."

This very Prince in the realm of letters is at last able to enter the homes of ordinary mortals. Until lately his inimitable productions have been practically inaccessible on account of their high cost. The recent expiration of copyright has freed them from the short-sighted monopoly which has preferred to harvest the *dollars* of the *thousands* rather than the *dimes* of the *millions* of his countrymen who take delight in his memory. The very beautiful Elzevir edition of his "Crayon Papers," with a brilliant sketch of the Life of Irving by the poet, R. H. Stoddard, making a volume of over 350 pages, is just issued and the publisher with a view to securing promptly the immense sale that is necessary to make the low price possible, offers to send, if ordered at once, a specimen copy, in neat cloth binding to any address, for the nominal price of 35 cents, or in half Russia binding for 45 cents. Irving's complete Works are offered for prices ranging from less than $6.00 upwards. The cheapest edition until recently cost over $30 00. The publisher will send specimen pages free to any one upon request.

JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, 18 Vesey St., New York.

THE Grand Jury of St. Louis have taken some pains to estimate the amount of crime and pauperism caused in that city by intemperance, and they put it at eighty per cent. In their opinion, however, any attempt to prohibit the rum traffic would fail, and the best thing to be done is to lessen number of grogeries by greatly increasing the price of licenses. They argue that an immense fund for charitable purposes would thus be collected and that the character of such places as could afford to pay $1,000 a year for the privilege of continuing business would be much better than the present average. This plan is being discussed by the newspapers, and finds so much favor that it will probably be tried.

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THIS paper will not be sent to foreign subscribers unless paid in advance.

SENATOR WINDOM has been defeated for the United States Senate in the Wisconsin Legislature, by Mr. Sabine. Mr. Windom has been in public life for twenty years—eight years in the House, and twelve years in the Senate.

THE latest venture in journalism is to be a Chinese paper, to be published in New York, to be known as the Chinese American. The paper will be painted with a brush by a Chinese artist, and from this photo-lithographed and impressions taken from a stone. The publishers are two enterprising Americans.

Now that we have a Civil Service reform measure that requires persons desiring a clerkship in any of the departments at Washington to pass an examination in order to determine their qualifications for the place, would it not be a good plan to have an examining Board in order to pass upon the qualifications of candidates for the Legislature? It is a notorious fact that the people are often put to shame by the ignorance of their representatives.—Newark American.

The first reform that should occur in connection with State Legislatures is to reform them out of existence. Their days of usefulness are passed, if they ever existed, and our system of government should be simplified by their total annihilation. No business is transacted by them that cannot be performed by county Commissioners and township trustees, except the election of United States Senators; and they should be elected by the people at large.

After the abolishment of State Legislatures, we doubt not, the people would be so pleased that State governments would be done away with entirely, and State lines only maintained for convenience in busines. The advantages to accrue from the abolishment of State Legislatures are numerous, the greatest ones, however, being uniform laws, and the absence of vexations attendant upon the annual assemblage of the cranky statesmen that usually comprise our State legislative bodies.

THE Ohio Democrat, published at New Philadelphia, publishes under the caption, "Curiosities of Journalism," the following:

THE COSHOCTON AGE, a paper that ought to be better with such a name, calls Hon. Gibson Atherton, a "drunken blackguard," and a "standing disgrace to his constituency." In the next column he prints a letter from a subscriber in Kansas, who says: "I could not well do without your paper in my family, having been *nourished* by it and its *high moral influence* for half a century."

Mr. J. F. Meek doesn't exhibit a bit of meekness in his e-d-i-t-o-r-i-a-l-s, and WE could get along well without such a paper in OUR family; but then there's no accounting for tastes. It is a CHEAP paper; only $1.50 per annum. Sample copies free.

Perhaps the soul of the editor of the Democrat is troubled at our manner of telling the truth, but if it is there is no cause for sorrow on our part. All who heard Mr. Atherton's degrading remarks, if they lay claim to half way respectability, know that his course was such as merited condemnation; and the approval of the Democrat will neither palliate the disgraceful action, or add to Mr. Atherton's moral worth.

Unlike the family of our contemporary, THE AGE family could not "get along very well without" the Democrat, because we find it extremely useful.

It is carefully laid to one side every week, and when a new loafer makes his appearance that bears all the evidences of developing into an exchange fiend, the Democrat is meekly handed to him, and he bothers us no more. Whether it physics him to death or not we can't say, but the result is all that is desired.

IN response to a resolution of the State Legislature the Civil Engineer of the State Board of Public Works has prepared a statement of the original cost of the various canals of the State as follows: Miami and Erie canal, extending from Cincinnati to Toledo, with feeders and reservoirs, $8,066,680.80; Ohio canal, from Cleveland to Portsmouth, with feeders, $4,695,203.69; Muskingum improvement, from Dresden to Marietta, via Zanesville, $1,627,018.29; Walhonding canal, from Roscoe (on the Ohio canal) to Rochester, $607,268.99; Hocking canal, from Carroll to Athens, $975,481.01.

Our Prohibition Friend Again.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE AGE.—We believe the cause of temperance—and all other questions—are advanced by earnest discussion, and there is no danger of tiring the intelligent readers of your paper by discussing this question, if not done in a tiresome manner. It is the question of the hour; the people want to know all about it. It is only the politicians, and possibly the editors of party papers, who are tired of it. Let THE AGE speak out and tell its readers the beauties of these remedies for intemperance—license, tax, regulation—gild them with the rainbow hues of hope and promise, only do not try to palm them upon us as fresh or new remedies, for they are the old standard sorts in use since A. D. 1503. Tell the people prohibition is a failure in Maine and Kansas, though in this you will not agree with some others who have had as good opportunities for observation; men, too, who are not Ohio prohibitionists, for instance, Jas. G. Blaine, Senator Fry, Senator Hale, ex-Vice President Hamlin, ex-Governor Chamberlain, Perham, Dingley, Connor, Morrill, ex-Judge Davis, and many others, who all refute your dogmatic assertion that prohibition is a failure. I will only give the words of one of these men as they express the opinions of the others. Hon. Jas. G. Blaine says: "Intemperance has steadily decreased in the State since the first enactment of the prohibitory law, until now it can be said with truth that there is no equal number of people in the Anglo-Saxon world among whom so small an amount of liquor is consumed as among the 650,000 inhabitants of Maine." If this is not sufficient, read their Republican State platform of 1882, which refers with pride to the success of prohibitory legislation which has been demonstrated by the practical annihilation of the liquor traffic in Maine.

You charge us with trying to make it appear that the Democratic party was the friend of temperance. That would be as impossible for me to do as to show that the leaders who persuaded the simple minded blacks of North Carolina to vote against prohibition were really friends of temperance. We do not intend to undertake the hopeless task of either. But we do maintain that the people of Ohio, irrespective of party, desire the destruction, not protection, of the liquor traffic; and that the mere fact of being a Democrat does not make an American citizen a foe to everything good. And we do deny that prohibitionists are too good for this world, or that they struck it too soon. They ought to be better, and they should have come sooner; and instead of licensing your sixteen doggeries in Coshocton and making them disgorge a part of the money wrung from the needy and suffering poor of your place into the county treasury to be stolen by officials debauched by whisky, you would have them driven out entirely, and your cemetery would not contain so many drunkards' graves. Do not talk about your better class of saloons. The better they are, the worse they are. Which is the worse for society, a gilded castle on the avenue, with Brussels carpets, or a low den in the suburbs?

And now, in conclusion, we tell you that although the Republican party in Ohio has many other questions to settle, of more importance (such as taxing dogs, etc.) and that they have no time to try to console so insignificant a people as the prohibitionists, yet prohibition in Ohio we will have so sure as God lives, in spite of rum makers, rum drinkers, politicians, including THE AGE, the negroes of North Carolina, who, although you say they do not represent the Republican party in Ohio, yet are in sweet and entire harmony with it.

If you think this article will tire your readers, throw it into your waste basket, and thereby make room for the "spring poetry" which will now be coming in, and we do not want to crowd more important matter from so good a paper as THE AGE. I. B. VOGENITZ.

REMARKS.—In the outset we want to assure our esteemed correspondent that his contributions find a welcome place in our columns; but we want to caution him about permitting his bristles to flare up. Earnest discussion may add to the popular intelligence upon this question, but it is extremely necessary to "keep kool."

As to the effects of prohibition in Maine, we would be exceedingly sorry to believe that after years of attempted prohibition in that State no good had resulted, but statistics show beyond a doubt that it does not prohibit entirely, and the words of the great politician quoted by our contributor, show that liquor drinking is in a measure practiced in that State.

In Kansas, where a prohibitory amendment has been passed, it is enforced in rural districts, because the sentiment is such as demands its enforcement, but in the towns it is not enforced; at least this is the evidence that comes from there. A State Legislature may enact a law, But they can not enforce it if the sentiment of the people is against it.

The total annihilation of the liquor traffic is what our prohibition friend desires, and if his desire could be gratified, we doubt not the world would fare better. The only question of difference between us is, can the traffic be annihilated at the present time? We do not believe it can; nor do we believe either our contributor or the writer will live to see it annihilated. But the evils resulting therefrom can be greatly lessoned by judicious restrictive legislation. A strict tax law, framed somewhat after the style of the Pond bill, would not only lessen the evils in our county seat (and it is a fair criterion) but would wipe out every doggery that now holds forth at the cross-road villages. This would surely lessen the evils, because it lessens the opportunities for temptation to young men and others whom it is the desire to save.

Not only would this result, but what few did remain would contribute largely to the support of our criminal and charitable institutions, to the inmates of which they are contributors. Aid received from such a source we know our prohibition friend will with great display of virtue reject; but as a matter of business, and business rules the world, we ask, is it better to receive this aid, or permit the State to be cursed with free whisky, as now? It seems business intelligence would readily decide.

But suppose the Republican Legislature should abandon the business view of this question and give heed to the virtuous wishes of the prohibitionists and submit an amendment that would meet their views.

The year 1883 in Ohio politics will be an eventful one. It is the year preceding the Presidential election, a Legislature is to be chosen that will select a United States Senator, and party lines will be closely drawn. The Republican party cannot unite upon such an amendment, and conscientious Democrats who during revival periods and at times when their sentiment rises above their political belief, declare themselves in favor of prohibition, will forget all but the prospects of spoils, and vote the straight ticket. What will result? A Democratic victory beyond peradventure, and a Democratic President in 1884.

In thus concluding we have taken no account of this remarkable old and lengthy line of prohibitionists, about which our esteemed contributor has been wont to talk, because experience has demonstrated that their forces allied with or arrayed against the Republicans does not change the result, hence it is a factor of which we take no account.

That this conclusion is the correct one we firmly believe, while our correspondent of course believes to the contrary. What the people believe is another question, that we think can easily be determined if the Legislature does as it should: Submit an amendment that will give the Legislature control.

In conclusion we want to suggest that it is some weeks in advance of the time when balmy breezes will inspire sentimental youths and gushing old maids to commence their contributions to our waste basket, and therefore we will not place any restraint upon our worthy friend.

OUR Washington correspondent writes: Contrary to the opinion heretofore prevailing, there is now a droided prospect of the passage of a tariff bill this session. The Democrats are considerably alarmed at the possibility of an extra session should tariff legislation fail, and are therefore disposed to permit a bill to go through. The likelihood that they could agree among themselves upon any bill that would be of value to them as political capital is so much less than the probability of utter failure and great damage to their prospects for the future that the shrewd ones among them are exceedingly anxious to avoid the extra session. A large number of Senators and Representatives on the Republican side who were approached to learn whether they knew of any expressed purpose on the President's part to call an extra session, declared that they knew of no such purpose. Since the various telegraphic reports and editorial comments on the subject have reached members of Congress more interest has been manifested in it than was observed before. So far as can be ascertained by a canvass of the leading men on both sides, the feeling is strongly against the proposition to hold an extra session. On the Republican side it is maintained that an extra session would result in nothing but discussion and disagreement in Congress, as the Democratic House would not pass a bill satisfactory to the Republican Senate, while the Democrats dislike to be forced at a day when they are unprepared to adopt a course of legislative conduct which might be turned against them politically when they are anxious to appear to best advantage before the whole country. Letters coming in from all sections bring reports of the derangement of business in consequence of the uncertainty about what is to be done. A continuance of suspense would, it is feared, tend to disaster, and, rather than invite panic in that way, some members are declaring that they will vote for a bill of any sort, and under very extraordinary parliamentary circumstances, rather than permit Congress to be called together to threaten the country for six months.

Road Drainage.

The bill of Mr. Greiner looking to the enforcement of a better plan of road making, by means of a system of tile drains, should receive the careful attention of the General Assembly, says the State Journal. The noticeable difference between drained and undrained fields in respect of the time they are workable after a rain would be equally striking in the case of drainedd and undrained roads. The farmer can work his properly drained fields very soon after a rain, while in some of those that are not drained a week often intervenes before the soil is ready for the plow.

The bill of Mr. Greiner contemplates a rewards of $10,000 for the best invention for road drains. The present ordinary tile draining, while of undoubted efficacy, might probably be greatly improved by a plan which would increase the leaching capacity of tile. We know of no such invention, but the ingenuity of our inventors will be stimulated by a suitable reward, and the proper device will no doubt be forthcoming Another point to be considered is he greater liability to displacement of the title joints in the public road than in enclosed fields. To obviate this difficulty some simple and efficient method of locking the joints will be necessary, as, otherwise, the tile would soon become filled with dirt and weeds, thus destroying its purpose. The are few bills of more importance to the farmer than the one referred to.

We would speak with more hesitation on the advantages of road drainage were it an experiment, but it is no longer such. In some of the Western States such a method has prevailed for some years with the most marked advantageous results, and it cannot fail to be equally efficient in Ohio, where farm drainage has been found to be so useful and profitable.

A Bar to Prohibition.

The Prohibitionists are moving upon the Legislature of Pennsylvania and demanding the submission of a prohibitory constitutional amendment.

Ex-Chief Justice Agnew recently addressed the Legislature, wherein he assumed that prohibition was the demand of the hour, and declared that the Legislature could do no better than to prohibit the manufacture and sale of all intoxicating beverages. He made, however, says the Cleveland *Leader*, an admission that must prove fatal to prohibition unless the Federal Constitution itself undergoes a change. In winding up his argument he remarked that prohibition of the importation of liquors would be an infringement of the Constitution of the United States. Herein lies a fatal bar to the success of prohibition. If it were possible for a State to break up and banish all distilleries, breweries, and saloons, liquor could still be brought within its territory and offered for sale. In the absence of domestic liquors those of foreign manufacture would be introduced, as has been done in the State of Maine. The Constitution permits importation of wines, spirituous and malt liquors, and the Supreme Court of the United States has more than once decided that imported liquors may be sold anywhere and everywhere in the original packages. If importers choose to import brandy, whisky, or other liquors in half-pint or gill packages, such packages may be taken into any State and sold provided they remain unbroken. As we have said, this sort of thing has been done in Maine, the importations being from Canada. Before prohibition can amount to much its advocates must secure an amendment to the Federal as well as their own State Constitutions, and this they will find to be a heavy undertaking.

Ferry's Failure.

THE firm of Ferry & Bro. of Grand Haven Michigan Lumber dealers, has failed. United States Senator Ferry is a member of the firm. The failure was brought on by the expensive working of a Utah mine, which has never yielded anything. The liabilities of the firm proper and the other firms in which they are jointly interested it is believed will range from $500,000 to $750,000. They will probably reach the latter amount, and about $80,000 will cover all assets, and these have been secured to creditors, mostly in Chicago, Grand Haven and Grand Rapids. The creditors not secured will probably not get a cent. The failure involves particularly Ferry & Brothers, the Ottawa Iron Company, of Ferrysburgh S. H. Lasley & Co. of Montague, and the Michigan Barge Company of Grand Haven.

REV. T. C. STEWART, a former preacher at Niles, some years ago married a couple too poor to pay the fee. The other day he received at Brazil, Indiana, where he is now located, $100 in recognition of the long forgotten service.

A Speech by Mr. David Lanning.

At a recent meeting of the Grand Army of the Republic, Mr. David Lanning, a former Coshocton citizen, who now holds the position of Assistant Adjutant General of the G. A. R. and occupies a prominent public position at Columbus, responded to the toast "The Grand Army of the Republic," as follows:

COMRADES, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—Since my stay in Youngstown, enjoying the hospitalities of the citizens, and since my taking by the hand the veterans of the late war, I am reminded of a story told by our Commander-in-Chief of a fellow who went to Europe, and I believe the fellow must have been at a meeting just like this before he went away. The story is told of one of our citizens of Ohio who had an exalted opinion of his own State, and the people of the old world undertook to show him everything of importance or interest. In London they took him to the Crystal Palace, and he said to them: "That is very nice, but on Walnut Hill in Cincinnati, they have finer greenhouses than this." [Cheers.] He went over to Paris and they drove him out on the boulevard and asked what he thought of it. He answered: "The drive from Cleveland out to Rocky River beats that." Then he went over to Italy and they showed him all the important sights there. He said it was all very nice, but he always saw something in Ohio that excelled it. They finally took him down to the catacombs and he said that didn't compare at all with the wine cellars in Put-in-Bay. [Cheers.] They thought they would try another experiment on the fellow, so they filled him up with beer (I don't think he was from Cincinnati because they don't drink beer there.) However, they got him full by some means or other and "laid him out," and after they'd got him to sleep they gathered together all the skeletons and skulls and surrounded him. He rose up, looked around, rubbed his eyes and said: "Hello! Resurrection morning! First man up! Ohio ahead again!" [Cheers.] I think that fellow must have been at a meeting before he left Ohio, and had been treated by the people of Youngstown. [Cheers.]

While sitting looking over this audiance and seeing on the breasts over the hearts of so many men the Grand Army badge, I was reminded of a newspaper account of a badge presentation in England. The audience was not such a one as we have here this evening, but it consisted of the nobility of England. At the head of the big table presided the Queen of England. It was a badge presentation. The badges were made of gold, designed by the best talent in England, and set with the most precious stones, given to the men who served in the Egyptian war. I said to myself when I looked at my badge: "Would I exchange it for the badge that was given by the Queen of England to the soldiers for their bravery?" I answered, "No."

Theirs represents the contention for the Suez Canal, and the collection of the revenues and the paying of interest on the bonded debt that was held by some other country. Mine represents a Republic saved. It represents 51,000,000 of freemen; it represents 51,000,000 of people free and enjoying free schools and free institutions. Why, the iron-clad monitor that fired upon the batteries of Alexandria was the invention of an American brain; the outgrowth of the free Republic that this badge represents, and he who wears it, wears it because he contributed his share in the saving to the people of this country. And now, comrades, since it is of so large significence to every man who wears it, wear it worthily, as a citizen, as we carried our guns worthily in defence of our country.

But one thought more. I would like to see here to-night a member of every Post Commandery in Ohio make a detail and put every man on the skirmish line, and ask them to double their efforts and call no halt until the last worthy ex-soldier in Ohio is mustered into this grand and glorious body. As fast as we fill in on the left the great Captain of All the armies is making details from the right, and calling them to join that 400,000 who gave up their lives on the battle fields of the late war; and as that detail is being made from our right the responsibility left with us is greater all the time. Let us carry into execution what has been said to us by our worthy Chaplain; carry in remembrance the names of our departed and care for the widows and the orphans of our late comrades. [Cheers.]

A Double Tragedy in Court.

The jury room of the St. Louis criminal court was Monday the scene of an extraordinary tragedy. John C. Parker, a criminal who had a record of the blackest kind in many Western cities, killed his wife and himself. He was a native of St. Louis and about 33 years old. He was awaiting trial for killing John Peyton in Furber's saloon.

His pretty young wife Nellie, with their five months' old baby, was in the court room in company with her two sisters. The wife leaned against the wire screen and talked to her husband for some time while another case is being heard. It was remarked at the time that they were very affectionate to each other. A deputy sheriff, who noticed their behavior, said to the reporter that the only redeeming trait in Parker's nature was his love for his wife, whom he had married about two and a half years ago. She was considerably above him in the social scale, and sacrificed her family ties to link her fate with his.

While the husband and wife were conversing, Parker's lawyer asked that he might have a conference with his client. Accordingly the prisoner was taken from the cage by a deputy sheriff, and walked through the court into the jury room. His wife walked by his side, and his sisters and attorney followed. They took seats and the prisoner began to give the lawyer a list of witnesses. The wife was seated by her husband's side. Something drew the attention of those present from the prisoner, when a shot rang out, and before anyone could interfere a second one was fired.

The first shot sent a bullet through Mrs. Parker's brain, killing her almost instantly. The second shot Parker fired while he held the weapon to his own temple. He died within an hour. Neither he nor his wife spoke after they received the wounds.

Late this evening a letter was found written yesterday by Parker, wherein he shows that the whole plan was arranged that he should kill himself and wife to-day, and that she had helped him plot against her own and his life. When she went to the court room, therefore, she knew she was going to meet death. Yet she walked across the room without a tremor and entered the jury room, though she knew that to cross the threshold was to step into the grave.

Judge Longworth Resigns.

Judicial and State official circles were surprised Monday by the announcement that Judge Nicholas Longworth had placed his resignation as a member of the Supreme Court on the desk of the Governor. The information comes from high authority that this step has been determined upon quite independent of the rumors that have connected his name with the Governorship. Judge Longworth is pre-eminently a domestic man. To him there is indeed "no place like home." Not even the glory and honor of a seat on the Supreme Bench of his native State compensated for enforced absence from his family. Every week he goes back to his music, his books, his photographic camera, and in the season, to his canoe, and above all, to his wife and children, with as eager an anticipation of happiness as a schoolboy would after a six months' of hard study. The position was forced upon him him and he could not well refuse it. But the love of office is not strong enough to hold him.

The resignation revives gossip as to changes in the Supreme Court. It has been a sort of open secret that, in case Judge White was selected for the vacant United States Judgeship, his place would be given by the Gov. to Judge Doyle, of Toledo, and it is now believed the latter will step into Judge Longworthe's official shoes. The term of Judge White will expire this year and this will make two vacancies to be filled at the election next October, as the Governor can only appoint for the unexpired term.

Prohibition as a Party Platform

From the St. Paul Pioneer Press (Rep.)

The prohibition leaders reaped what ever glory there was to be gained by carrying Iowa, and left to the Republican party the odium thatcame upon reflection. And this is what is sure to happen whenever prohibition is engrafted upon the platform of any political party. It can carry its point only under the pressure of a temporary excitement, and when that fades away the party bears the blame. To make it good policy to encourage prohibition in politics, it would be necessary that the prohibitory issue should be as earnestly raised and as prominently put forward in each succeeding campaign as in that where it is first triumphant. If that is not done, then enthusiasm fades and support languishes, while those who have all along contended that the subject was not one suitable for legislative action maintain their hostility, founded upon fixed principles, and finally secure their point. It is an open secret that those who reflect upon the proper domain and the necessary imitations of legislations deny the right of the State to invade private liberty by the enactment of a prohibitory law. But with a certain class of politicians it ought to be still more effective to learn that every victory purchased by a political party at the price of an alliance with the Prohibitionists means a decisive defeat within a few succeeding years.

Statement.

No doubt many readers of THE AGE read in last week's issue the West Carlisle snake story. Since its publication we have come to think that some persons who did not read the West Bedford snake story might not understand, as there was but little allusion made to it, that our object was to burlesque that fabrication, and instead of thinking that which we intended, think it was written to slur or ridicule some persons. We desire to state that the names used are all those of worthy enterprising citizens, and that our sole object was to outlie Bedford, which we are credibly informed, they acknowledge we have done.

L. R. A.

Tennessees' Trouble.

The State of Tennessee has entered suit against the Merchants' National Bank of Nashville, to recover $57,000 which defendant charged itself and placed to the credit of M. T. Polk Treasurer in order, as alleged, to enable him to sustain his statement of the condition of the affairs of his office, which he made to a special committee appointed by an extra session of the Legislature in May, 1882. This action of the bank caused the State so lose $100,000.

FIFTEEN years ago a young Frenchman came to this country to see his mother, who lives in Brooklyn. While there he fell in love with a young lady. While he was still here she discarded him for a young doctor. The jilted man returned to France, and the next summer the doctor went there to finish his course of study and they met. A duel with swords was the result, and the doctor won. The body of the Frenchman was brought home and buried in Greenwood. The doctor returned to Brooklyn, where he now enjoys a fine practice. On each anniversary of the duel he and his wife strew flowers on the grave of his rival. His mother follows immediately after them and removes every flower and strews some of her own in their stead. This has been kept up for years.

STATE NEWS.

COLUMBUS and Chillicothe dogs will see which can stand the most "chaining up" at the former place Feb. 15.

FEBRUARY isn't very old, but she has already done sufficient damage in this State to retire on a competence for the balance of the month.

TOLEDO pays $200,000 interest annually on her debt. The law allows the city to raise but $400,000 a year, and after paying interest the balance is inadequate to run the city.

JAMES MCKELVEY, who attempted to shoot Sheriff Pierce when attempting to arrest him after robbing a school house near Chardon, was sentenced last Monday to three years in the penitentiary.

AT Defiance the body of John Wise, a colored farmer, together with a team of horses and wagon, was discovered frozen in the canal Sunday morning. He was last seen Friday evening, and was quite drunk then. It is supposed he tried to cross the canal and broke through.

NEWTONVILLE, Perry county, has a tragic romance. Fletcher Reed and his brother were rivals for the heart and hand of Miss Mary Mitchell. The brother won, and Fletcher crawled under a hay-stack, started a bonfire, and cut his throat from ear to ear with a razor.

AT Defiance, a man named John Sleeper, who came recently from Adrian Michigan, deliberately shot himself through the head while walking along the street. No hopes are entertained for his recovery. His wife and five children came here Thursday. Family troubles are supposed to have prompted the action.

AT Mansfield in the $10,000 damage suit against the Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati and Indianapolis Railroad Company, by Mrs. Sarah B. Bever, stock, of Shelby, the jury awarded the plaintiff $2,500. The suit was brought against the company on account of the plaintiff slipping upon an icy platform at Shelby and breaking her leg.

AN incendiary fire near Hanover Licking county, caused the destruction of the large barn of George Richardson, together with a large lot of grain hay, etc. A stable and smoke house adjoining with all their contents, were also consumed. Two horses, valued, highly, were burned alive, there being no chance to secure them from flames Loss about $2,000.

ABOUT two years ago, at Corning, two colored men met in the Coal Company's store. They were "looking for" each other. Both pulled revolvers, and one, named Hill, received a wound over the left eye. The physicians, claiming the ball entered the brain, expected the man would die, but he did not, until last Saturday. A post mortem examination proved the correctness of the diagnosis, as the ball was found in the brain. Dr. Brush attended the man when shot, and also took the ball out Saturday. This man has been able to mine coal until within a few weeks.

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ADDITIONAL LOCAL.

JOHNNY APPLESEED

An Interesting Sketch of an Ohio Pioneer Whose Works are Yet to be Seen in This and Adjoining Counties.

In early days Johnny Appleseed was a familiar personage in this section of Ohio, and in many parts of this county western Tuscarawas, Knox and Licking counties, are to be seen trees that grew from seeds planted by this eccentric individual.

From the Grange Visitor we extract the subjoined interesting sketch of this queer individual long since passed from earth:

Jonathan Chapman, better known as "Johnny Appleseed," was born in Boston about the year 1775. He early drifted to Western Pennsylvania, where in its wild frontier life his mania for planting appleseeds was first discovered. Tired of the rapid settlement of that wilderness, he soon pushed out for the West. In 1801 he visited Ohio with a horse-load of appleseeds which he had gathered from the cider presses of Western Pennsylvania. He planted his seeds on the fertile spots, on the banks of the Licking Creek. In 1806 he was seen by a settler drifting down the Ohio river in two canoes lashed together, and loaded with appleseeds, destined for the Western borders of the white settlement. He often planted as high as a bushel of seed in one locality, then inclose the spot with a slight fence, or guard of brush, when he would leave the place until the trees had in a measure grown. Planting one stock of seeds, he returned to Pennsylvania for another, which he gathered from the cider presses in different places. He first carried the seeds in linen bags but the dense underbrush hostile with thorns and briars made leather bags the only safe ones for his purpose. Sometimes the bags found transportation on the back of an old, broken-down horse, but more often on his own sturdo shoulders. He was a man of vigorous muscle, and great endurance, or he could not have stood the long, weary journeys through the lonely and trackless wilderness for so many years, journeys in which he was loaded like a mule ascending the Andes. He always planted his seeds in some remote picturesque spot, and there let them grow to be claimed by the settlers, whose homes sprang up in the isolated clearings. In this way the wilderness was made to bloom like a rose, and the foundation was laid for the immense growth of fruit trees whose yield to-day forms so important a part of the annual products of the great State of Ohio.

When the trees were large enough for sale, Johnny either sold them or left them to be sold by some settler for him. In this business he was as nothodical as a merchant. The really poor got trees for nothing, of others more able he took old clothing some meal or anything he could use, in exchange. Of those able to pay he demanded money, which he was seldom without. He usually took notes payable at some indefinite time. This done, he paid no more attention to the matter; quite often it was the last time he saw the giver of the note. His wants were few, and he cared little about money. He used what money he got in buying Swedenborgian books which he gave to the settlers where he stayed, and he very often helped poor families in need of the necessaries of life.

An old, infirm horse excited his pity. Buying up old broken-down horses and leaving them in charge of some one who was pledged to care for them, was another part of this strange man's mission. He had at times quite a drove af aged and maimed horses under the care of some humane farmer. Inflicting pain on a dumb creature was with him an unpardonnble sin. This sympathy extended to the smallest animal, even insects. He put out the fire in the camp in the woods, because the wind blew the mosquitoes into the flame, saying as he quenched the blaze: "God forbid that I should build a fire or my own comfort which should be the means of destroying any of his creatures." He once built a fire at the end of a hollow log in which he intended to pass the night but finding a bear and her cubs occupying it, he removed the fire to the other end and slept in the snow rather than disturb the bears. A snake having bit him, a friend asked him in regard to it. Johnny drew a long sigh and replied: "Poor fellow! he only just touched me, when I in an ungodly passion put the heel of my scythe in him and went home." While at work in the woods a hornet got underneath his shirt, and although repeatedly stung by the enraged insect, he deliberately took off his shirt and liberated the intruder. His friend laughed at him and asked him why he did not kill the little imp, to which Johnny replied: "It would not be right to kill the poor little thing, for it did not intend to bite me."

He lived the roughest life, camping out in the woods, or, if sleeping in a house, occupying the floor; his dress was an indescribable medley composed of cast off clothing he had taken in exchange for apple trees. In latter years this second hand raiment he thought too luxurious, and wore as a principal garment an old coffee sack, in the bottom and sides of which he cut holes to thrust his head and arms through. He thought this cloak good enough for any man to wear. He seldom wore shoes except in winter. For traveling on rough roads he wore a rude pair of sandals. He bought no covering for his feet, used old cast off boots or shoes, generally unmatched, and wore them while they would stick to his feet. He made his own head gear; for a long time he wore the large tin dipper in which he cooked his mush while travelling. But it failed to shade his face from the sun. Hence he made a hat of pasteboard, with an immense peak in front, and bent down the sides to protect his face from the heat. He led a blameless and moral life, and likened himself to the primitive Christians, literally taking no thought of the morrow. This conviction at all times made him serenely happy. At one time an itinerant minister holding forth on the public square in Mansfield was denouncing the sins of this life and pride in dress, and exclaimed inquiringly "Where now is the barefooted Christian travelling to heaven?" Johnny, who wes lying on his back on the ground near by, took the question in its literal sense, raised his bare feet in the air and vociferated, "Here's your primitive Christian!" to the discomfiture of the well dressed missionary. The physician who was present at his death was heard to inquire what was Johnny Appleseed's religion; he had never seen a man in so placid a state at the approach of death, and so ready to enter upon another life."

PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

The Good Work that is Being Performed in Buzzard's Glory

Up in the north west part of Coshocton county is a section known as Buzzard's Glory, partly because these exist in considerable numbers among the rocky hills of the Mohican, and partly because the people in general have not been looked upon as being very highly cultured.

The thought finally forced its way into the minds of a few persons that the most acceptable service that they could render to God would be to make an effort toward elevating and Christianizing their human surroundings.

A Sunday school was inaugurated in the spring of 1881, with a big oak tree for a meeting house, with boards resting on stakes for seats. When cool weather came it was not thought best to attempt the heating of so large a temple, and the school adjourned.

In the spring or 1882, an old hewed log house, 16x18, one of the first houses erected in the township, was taken, cleaned, seated with benches and the Sunday school reopened with greatly increased attendance, which steadily increased all summer. Papers were liberally supplied, but the school has no library.

A Wednesday evening prayer meeting was inagurated in the spring attended at first by two persons. There came at first a steady increase of attendance at the prayer meeting until the house was filled,

During the summer meetings for social worship were added to the Sunday school in which the children and youth were encouraged to take part, which they were not slow to do.

In the fall a Sunday evening service of preaching by a Local Elder was commenced An old broken-down Christian Union church, which had formerly existed in the neighborhood, was revived and a weekly celebration of the Lord's Supper instituted. Christians from neighboring churches now began to rally to the assistance of the feeble band; and the work began to bear fruit. Two boys from the Sunday school united with the Disciple Church at Yankee Ridge under the administration of S. W. Cook, and it was resolved to hold a meeting in the old log house in the valley. The only available preacher is a farmer, and in order that he might be able to devote his time to the work, two energetic Christians did his farm work for him. A meeting of eleven days' continuance was held and three more from the Sunday school added to the Lord.

It is not the design of the leaders in this work to form a permanent organization at this point, unless the neighboring churches should refuse to take the work under their care in which case the Hopedale Christian Church may—D. G.—become a permanent institution. Are there not other neglected spots in the county which may be cultivated in the same way.

[From the Canton Repository.]

OPEN TO BUENA VISTA.

The Connotton's Onward Course.

Assistant Secretary and Treasurer Harry Waite, of the Connotton Valley Railway, left with assistants this morning in a special train to stock up the stations on the new part of the Straitsville division of the Connotton Valley Railway. The stations on the Straitsville line are being built by Willis, Benskin & Co., of this city. Commencing to-morrow morning two trains each way daily will be run on the new line from Canton to Buena Vista, Coshocton county; and as soon as the large bridge near Coshocton is completed, it will take but a few days to complete the track to Coshocton and have trains running there. The bridge will be finished probably in a few weeks.

This branch of the Connotton will bring to Canton a trade in amount and value equal to, if not greater than, the Sherrodsville line south; the benefit of which is well understood by every Canton merchant. Since the road has been in running order from Beach City, Canton has been getting new customers every day who formerly went to Canal Dover or Massillon. And the opening up of another new length of the line will be the extension of the trade drawing facilities of Canton in Stark and Tuscarawas counties, and be the commencement of Coshocton county custom, of which Canton is destined to have a good sized share.

The Massillon coal vein in the Tuscarawas Valley has already been tapped along the Straitsville extension. This will in itself better the wonderful effects of the coal revolution the Connotton has wrought for Canton; making her distinguished as pre eminently fitted for manufacturing industries. And the tendency of lines like the Connotton, which taps rich cereal producing territory, is to make us a great grain center.

While trunk lines of the Ft. Wayne style are invaluable in their far reaching facilities and convenience in shipping and passenger traffic; yet the Straitsville line will do more towards centralizing trade here than the Ft Wayne road ever accomplished. And when completed to Coshocton and Zanesville, the new line will be a passenger road of great importance, and probably put us in more direct communication with Cincinnati.

Significant Railway Movement—B & O Ear Marks.

Here is some Ohio news by way of Wheeling and through the Intelligencer: A few days ago the telegraph announced the filing at Columbus, O., of the charter of the South Pennsylvania & Ohio Railway Company. This is a matter in which this city may have an interest, favorably or adversely, according to the original or future purposes of its projectors and those who may control it.

Briefly stated, the main line starts in Bellaire and substantially covers the line of the Wheeling & Lake Erie Railroad to Toledo and the Michigan State line. From this main line a first branch is projected in Green township Harrison county, near Hopedale, to the Indiana State line in Tully township, Van Wert county, passing through the counties of Harrison, Tuscarawas, Coshocton, Knox, Morrow, Marion, Hardin, Allen and Van Wert.

A second branch is projected from Tuscarawas county to Cleveland through the counties traversed by the Valley Railway.

A third branch is projected from Lodi, in Medina county, through Ashland county to Chicago Junction on the B. & O. Railroad, in Huron county.

A fourth branch is from Norwalk to Huron. This covers a most important field, and may mean one or more of several important or possible railroad movements. Considering Wheeling's interests alone the query arises, why does this charter touch Bellaire and Chicago Junction if the Baltimore & Ohio has no interest in it? It has been frequently asserted, and without contradiction, that the Wheeling & Lake Erie Railway is fifty to sixty miles shorter from Wheeling to Chicago Junction than the B. & O. via Newark. Hence by the union of the B. & O. and W. & L. E. at Bellaire and Chicago Junction the B. & O. will shorten its distance between Bellaire and Chicago, say fifty-five miles, or if the B. & O. finishes its Hempfield line through to a direct connection eastwardly with its Connellsville line, thus shortening some forty miles easterly, it means, the two combined, a total shortening of some ninety or 100 miles. If the B. & O. is behind the scheme will it finish this Hempfield line and join the W. & L. E. in bridging at the head of the island or go to Bellaire, cross its own bridge and thence up the river through Bridgeport and Martin's Ferry? Or will the B. & O. abandon its Eastern Hempfield extension and content itself with the fifty miles shortening west of the Ohio River? In the latter event Wheeling will, as usual, get the go-by. The naming of Bellaire in this charter instead of Martin's Ferry, as in the W. & L. E. charter, looks significant if not ominous.

There is another view to take. The name may or may not be significant of a union with the Southern Pennsylvania in which this city feels such an interest. In this event this new Ohio road, though chartered to Bellaire, need not go further than Martin's Ferry, and there cross the river and unite with the Southern Pennsylvania or the B. & O. or both in North or East Wheeling. Of the significance of the branches of the proposed road it is not necessary now to speak, except to say that the point to Cleveland, Huron, Chicago, via Chicago Junction, and to Chicago even more directly by a line from Hopedale through the region of Coshocton, Marion and Ft. Wayne. It is evident that somebody is alive to the important fact that the only remaining western outlook from the Ohio River in this via Ohio short creek and Piney Fork region is of that stream, and whether it will strike the river at Portland, Wheeling or Benwood is a question to which Wheeling people should address themselves in time to be a power in its solution. That the Wheeling and Lake Erie, or at least the eastern end of its line is destined to an important factor in some great railroad combination in which this city will be effected one way or the other, is becoming more manifest every day, and while all the world seems moving Wheeling cannot afford to stand still.

Plainfield.

Protracted Meeting in M. P. Church closed Sunday. 14 accessions.—S. P. Woodward has sold his store room and house and lot adjoining to Ham McClain, a former saloon keeper. Perhaps he thinks our village will support another saloon. If our young men could see in the bottom of every wine cup what our minister said lately he wished they might see, viz: a mother's tear and a drop of the blood of Jesus, they would perhaps not wish to empty so many under their noses.

Feb. 5th—Perry Baker, of Bacon Run, lost a child by dyphtheria last week. More of his children sick from same disease.

Among the items of interest we see in last week's Age is the Justices' Reports throughout the county. The causes of fines assessed are not known by the writer. But it is interesting to see in how many cases the costs overwhelm the fines. This is particularly the case in this and Tuscarawas townships. It shows the tenderness of heart of these two particular Justices, i. e., towards criminals. But what do you say about the costs? Ah, there's the rub! How oft have we seen on the records of costs of the county "Cost paid to A B, Esq., for criminal cases, $—." Now, is the Justice who makes the costs so much more than the fines he assesses a Justice? Well, you say, "he might be under some circumstances." But when the costs preponderate every time so much, how is it? It's a small matter to be Squire, but to be a Justice of the Peace is another thing.

Avondale

JAN. 30,—J. H. Dickie has several orders from different parts of this county for the "Buckeye Hay Fork" which he is selling. It is pronounced the best in use.

Dyphtheria is still raging near town in the families of Alexander and Isaac Philabaum and Adam Shoemaker.

The Literary Society will discuss the following question: "Has Arthurs administration been detrimental to the interests of the Republican party?" J. C. Boyd and J. M. Ferrell affirm, T. A. Caton and Dr. Herbert deny.

Obituary.

DIED, on the 18th of January, 1883, Mr. John Shannon, of the township of Millcreek, in the county of Coshocton, Ohio.

The subject of this notice was born in Washington county, Pa., on the 3d day of May, A. D. 1800, and with his father's family came to Jefferson county, Ohio, in 1805, and remained there until 1826, when he emigrated to Coshocton county, O. He was married in 1828 to Jane Johnston, and raised a family of nine children. He may be said to be one of the pioneers of the county, felling the forest on the farm on which he died, and battling with the hardships of the early settlers on the back woods, as it was at the time of his settlement here. He was engaged in the then great improvement of the Ohio canal, and other improvements of the time. He was a man of great worth, industrious, frugal and honest in his intercourse with men and a good Christian. He united with the Presbyterian Church of Keene on the 3rd day of January, 1831, and has been a consistant member of that church for a period of fifty-one years. As a father in Israel he is gathered home to his rest in the 83d year of his age, full of faith in the immortality of the soul beyond the grave.

Within the last two years he had two brothers who lived to a good old age, his brother Thomas, of Holmes county, died at the age of 87; his brother Nathan, of Keene township, died at the age of 85. One brother is still living in Clark township in his 80th year. All were early settlers here, and braved their hardships and toils of life and have passed away.

Innocent and Guilty.

The oft-told story of the painter who painted an ideal picture of "Innocence" from the face of a beautiful child who sat as his model, and in his old age had a villainous-looking criminal sit to him for the model of a picture named "Guilt," as the companion-piece to the other, and discovered that the child and the criminal were the same person, has received some startling illustrations in real life. A convict discharged from the old Charlestown State Prison told the following history of himself to the warden of that prison:

Some years ago a gentleman, his wife and their only child, a boy then five or six years old, visited the prison. They were shown through the workshops and prison by an officer, who pointed out the different objects of interest as they passed along. The gentleman was inquiring about a man who had recently been sent to prison for life for murder.

"By the way, this is his room," said the officer, stopping before one of the cells, the door of which was open.

The little boy, with a child's curiosity, stepped up and looked in. His father came up behind the child and playfully pushed him in, and closed the door.

The little fellow shrieked to be let out. The door was immediately opened, and the child ran sobbing to its mother's arms. She, brushing back the light curls from his forehead and kissing him, said soothingly,—

"No, no, they shan't shut my little son up in prison."

The boy was terribly frightened; he turned his eyes once more toward the dreaded cell, and for the first time noticed on the door the No ——.

The incident made a deep impression upon his mind.

Time passed. He grew to manhood. His father and mother were both dead. He became a sailor, and a good one, rising step by step till he was second in command of one of the California steamers sailing from New York.

But like many others, in consequence of that vice which has dragged down so many, even from high positions, he lost his situation, came back to Boston, sank lower and lower, and was finally arrested for breaking into a store. He was sentenced to the State Prison for four years.

When received at the prison, he was taken to the bath-room—the usual custom—and bathed, shaved and clipped, clothed in the prison dress and conducted to the cell he was to occupy.

Judge of his horror and consternation when he found himself standing before, and the officer unlocking, the door of the same cell, "No——," into which he, when a child, had been thrust for a moment by his father.

In relating the story to me (says Warden Haynes), he said no one could imagine his feelings when he found himself an inmate of that cell. Every incident and scene from childhood rushed upon his mind; the exclamation of his mother, "No, no; they shan't shut up my little son in prison," rang in his ears; and he threw himself upon a stool weeping, in utter despair and wretchedness.

But it is pleasant to see shining through this strange story of circumstantial retribution the truth of the famous line, "There's a divinity that shapes our ends." The convict became a religious man in prison, and years after his discharge rose to be an officer in the navy.

Mrs. Theodore Tilton.

Rev. George O. Barnes, "the Mountain Evangelist," writes as follows from New York to his home paper, *The Journal*, of Stanford Ky.: "I paid a visit to Mrs. Theodore Tilton a few days ago. She is a kind of a cousin, though not of blood kin, and has always been a favorite relative with me. She is, and always has been, a lady of rare refinement and gentle loveliness. Those who have only known her in connection with the horrible Beecher trial, know nothing whatever about her. Well, I found her boarding house on Bedford avenue, Brooklyn, after a little search, and she welcomed my visit as of old. She is fearfully altered by those awful years. Her personal beauty, once very marked, is almost gone—only here and there a trace. The soft, bright, innocent eye remains, but that alone. Her delicate hands, once soft as velvet, are hard with toil; the lustrous, dark-brown hair is very gray and the pink and white of the old beautiful complexion replaced by a dull sallow. But her life is full of peace and rest that "the world can not give." The seven-times-heated furnace has purified, not consumed (save the dross), and to-day she has what others have not, a "conscious void of offense toward God and man." O, in the day when accounts are settled, and they will be, thank God, let me be in her company, and there, like her, venturing all to keep everything right with God. I write this word for my dear cousin, of whom I am prouder than in the days when she was not the forsaken creature she is, but the center of an admiring social circle, where all acknowledged her charms. I can not say that "time at last sets all things even," as Byron does, but I know eternity does. And so I bid her good-bye, with the radiant smile of the reflex of the deep soul-peace lighting up her faded face and for a moment glorifying the ravages of despair.

A Superior Being, Anyway.

A tiny little fellow living in an Eastern city, but away out on the borders where circuses did not come or processions, and who had never seen a soldier in full rig, was sent to the door by his mother, who heard the bell ring. It was Col. S—— in full regimentals, as it was the day of the inauguration of the Governor.

"Tell your mother, little man, to please come to the door a moment; I want to speak to her."

Charley went upstairs and appeared before his mother with the most awe-struck face.

"Mamma! There is someone at the door wants to see you."

"Who is it, my son?"

"I don't know, but I think its God!"

—*Detroit Post.*

A woman in Akron, Ohio, bothered the Central Telephone office for an hour and a half trying to get her husband's ear, to tell him an important piece of news. When she was put in communication with him, all she had to say was: "Baby's got a tooth through."

A Fairhaven 5-year old went to school for the first time, came home at noon, and said to his mother: "Mamma, I don't think that teacher knows much." "Why not, my dear?" "Why she kept asking questions all the time. She asked where the Mississippi river was."

"You say your wife gets mad and raises a row?" "I should say she did. She makes enough fuss to run a freight train forty miles an hour." "But if you know that she was in the habit of getting mad, why did you marry her?" "Because if I had held back she would have got madder than ever."

Amputation of the Leg.

The Old Family Physician at fault. Dr. David Kennedy the successful Surgeon.

Money is the universal necessity, and none but a cynic or a fool will effect to despise it. Mr. Abram Ellsworth, of Port Ewen, Ulster co., N. Y., had realized this truth. His disease involved the whole of his thigh-bone, and the suffering man looked forward, not without apparent reason, to death as his only deliverer. His family physician refused to amputate the limb, asserting that the operation would kill the patient on the spot. Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., who was consulted, held a different opinion, and amputated the limb. The Doctor then administered freely his great blood specific, Favorite Remedy to afford tone and strength to the system, prevent the return of the disease, and Mr. Ellsworth remains to this day in the bloom of health. This gentleman's disease was the offspring of foul blood, and Kennedy's Favorite Remedy purified the blood and restored to him the power once more to enjoy his life. Are you suffering any disease traceable to the same cause? Try Favorite Remedy. Your Druggist has it. One dollar a bottle. Bear in mind the proprietor's name and address, Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y. 1 20-4t

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A Vegetable Product,

Only used in AYER'S AGUE CURE, has proven itself a never failing and rapid cure for every form of Malarial Disorder, Fever and Ague, or Chills and Fever. No injury follows its use, and its effects are permanent. It rouses the system to a condition of vigorous health, cleanses the blood of malarial poison, and imparts a feeling of comfort and security most desirable in Ague districts. It is an excellent tonic and preventative, as well as cure, of all complaints peculiar to malarious, marshy and miasmatic regions. The great superiority of AYER'S AGUE CURE over any other compound is that it contains no Quinine, Arsenic, or mineral; consequently it produces no quinism or injurious effects whatever upon the constitution. Those cured by it are left as healthy as if they had never had the disease.

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at prices as low as the lowest in the county will not be excelled. I have in my employ the

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and having the entire business under my own supervision, will not be undersold, and can guarantee satisfaction. Also keep leather and findings for sale. Call and see me at 547 East Main st.

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Jan13-3m.

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A sure cure for Blind, Bleeding, Itching and Ulcerated Piles, has been discovered by Dr. William, (an Indian remedy,) called DR. WILLIAM'S INDIAN OINTMENT. A single box has cured the worst chronic cases of twenty-five years' standing. No one need suffer five minutes after applying this wonderful soothing medicine. Lotions and instruments do more harm than good. William's Ointment absorbs the tumors, allays the intense itching, (particularly at night after getting warm in bed) acts as a poultice, gives instant and painless relief, and is prepared only for Piles, itching of the private parts, and for nothing else.

For sale by all druggists and mailed on receipt of price, $1.00. Sold by M. W. McNaughton & Co., Coshocton, O. feb3-1y.

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By DR. FRAZIER'S MAGIC OINTMENT. Cures as if by magic: Pimples, Black Heads or Grubs, Blotches, and Eruptions on the Face, leaving the skin clear, healthy and beautiful. Also cures Itch, Salt Rheum, Sore Nipples, Sore Lips, Old, Obstinate Ulcers and Sores etc. Sold by all druggists and mailed on receipt of price, 50 cents. M. W. McNaughton & Co., Coshocton, O. feb3-1y.

NERVOUS DEBILITY.

When all other remedies fail, DR. FRAZIER'S ROOT BITTERS will cure General Debility, Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, and all diseases arising from a Disordered Stomach, Liver and Kidneys. M. W. McNaughton & Co., Coshocton, O. feb3-1y.

LEGAL NOTICE.

Charles Parks and Mary E. Parks, residing in Green county, State of Indiana, and James H. Richcreek, whose residence is unknown, will take notice that Nancy M. Richcreek, as Administratrix, of the estate of David W. Richcreek, deceased, of the county of Coshocton, in the State of Ohio, did, on the 10th day of January, A. D., 1883, file in her petition in the Court of Common Pleas within and for the county of Coshocton, in said State of Ohio, against the said Charles Parks, Mary E. Parks, James H. Richcreek and David W. Richcreek, John L. Richcreek, Aaron T. Richcreek, Louisa J. Musgrove, Richard Musgrove, William E. Richcreek, Hannah Cunningham, Joseph Cunningham, Alice Davis, William Davis and William G. Parks, defendants, setting forth that she is the widow of David W. Richcreek, late of Coshocton county, Ohio, deceased, and entitled to dower in the real estate of which he died seized. That the said defendants, Hannah Cunningham, Mary E. Parks and James H. Richcreek, are the children of said David W. Richcreek by a former marriage. That the said defendants, David W. Richcreek, John L. Richcreek, Aaron T. Richcreek William E. Richcreek and Louisa J. Musgrove, are the living children of said David W. Richcreek by his marriage with plaintiff, who was living at the time of the execution of his said last will, and the said Alice Davis and William G. Parks are the grand-children of said David W. Richcreek and this plaintiff. That the said David W. Richcreek, on the 15th day of February, A. D., 1876, made his last will and testament, and died May 29th, 1880, and said last will was probated June 19th, 1880, in the Probate Court of said Coshocton county, and is of record there, a copy of which said will is set out in said petition. That at the time of the execution of said will, and at his death, said David W. Richcreek was the owner in fee simple of the following real estate, situate in the county of Coshocton, and State of Ohio, and described as follows, to-wit:

Being the east half of the south-east quarter and the west half of the north-east quarter of section twenty-one (21), in township five (5) and range eight (8); and also of some chattel property that said widow elected to take under said will. That doubts, disputes and controversies between plaintiff and defendants, and between certain of said defendants as the true construction and interpretation of said will touching their several rights under the same, as to the right and interest of the plaintiff in said chattel property; as to the rights and interests of said defendants in the said real and personal estate; as to whether the defendants children of said first and second marriages have equal rights in said estate, real and personal, or in the realty alone; as to whether said children of said first marriage have any interest in the said realty, and if so what? As to whether the said children of said second marriage do not alone take the whole of said realty under said will to the exclusion of said children of said first marriage. And praying a construction of said will as to the several rights and interests of each and all of said parties in said estate thereunder, and upon the matters involved in the above doubts, disputes and controversies, that the dower of said widow may be assigned for both tracts in the said west half of the north-east quarter of said section twenty-one (21). That the said real estate may be ordered to be sold, and a division of the proceeds made between such of the said defendants as the court, upon its construction of said will, may determine. And the said Charles Parks, Mary E. Parks and James H. Richcreek are notified that they are required to appear and answer said petition on or before the third Saturday after the 16th day of February next.

NANCY M. RICHCREEK,
By Voorhes & Hunt, and Nicholas & James, her Attorneys. Jan19-6t.

Farm for Sale.

I wish to sell 100 acres of land in Keene township, three miles from the Court House and one and one-half miles from Keene, and near Saul Miller's residence. Eighty acres are cleared and well set in bluegrass, not having been plowed for more than eight years. Plenty of water, good timber, good fence, orchards, and the whole underlaid with coal. Will divide into two farms to good advantage.

Will also sell my home farm consisting of 300 acres well improved, on the grade road one mile south of Keene. Terms easy.

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Keene O. Dec. 9-3 mon.

WISE people are always on the lookout for chances to increase their earnings, and in time become wealthy; those who do not improve their opportunities remain in poverty. We offer a great chance to make money. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. Jan6-1y.

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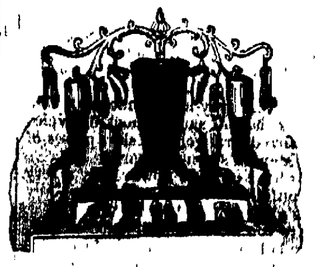

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NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE® NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

[C]ottage Clock.

[...] of the household stock
[...]hing and the neatest;
[...], had a touch of gold,
[...] still the sweetest.
[...], though its words were
[...]
[...]gh nations altered;
[...] strong, warned old and
[...]
When the voice of friendship faltered;
"Tick, tick," it said—"quick, quick to bed—
For nine I've given warning;
Up, up and go, or else you know
You'll never rise soon in the morning."

A friendly voice was that old, old clock,
As it stood in the corner smiling,
And blessed the time, with a merry chime,
The wintry hours beguiling;
But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock,
As it called at daybreak boldly,
When the dawn looked gray on the misty way,
And the early air blew coldly;
"Tick, tick," it said—"quick out of bed—
For five I've given warning:
You'll never have wealth, you'll never get wealth,
Unless you're up soon in the morning."

Still hourly the sound goes round and round,
With a tone that ceases never;
While tears are shed for the bright days fled,
And the old friends lost forever;
Its heart beats on, though hearts are gone
That warmer beat and younger;
Its hands still move, though hands we love
Are clasped on earth no longer!
"Tick, tick," it said—"to the churchyard bed—
The grave hath given warning—
Up, up and rise, and look to the skies,
And prepare for a heavenly morning."

—[Christian Intelligencer.

NOT TO-NIGHT.

"Gius—Gius! Bother them foreign names. Go, Beth, yourself, and call the lad from the meadow lot. When Silas is well rid of his rheumatics and can get round again, I'll have no such trash as him pottering round the farm. He positively ain't worth the salt he eats. A gentle enough lad, too, but he ain't no spirit—no spirit."

Beth, who has been arranging some luscious fruit in a bowl of yellow delf, springs up with alacrity and takes down her broad-brimmed hat from the high peg where it usually hangs suspended when not doing duty as a covering for the bright brown head.

"Now, don't loiter," calls Mother Lawson warningly "It's a longish walk to the meadow lot, an' you know after sundown who'll be there."

There comes no added color into Beth's cheek, and she does not drop her gaze from the long vista of green lanes down which her feet must presently pass.

"Do you mean John Mason?" she queries at length, stooping and plucking an innocent white daisy to fasten in the bosom of her dark-blue gown."

"Surely, an' who else?" responds her mother sharply. "Do you think some prince, all spangles and jewels, will ride up to the door on a milk-white horse to claim your royal favor? The high notions of girls nowadays is a caution. Never a prince had a kinder heart than John, an' some day you'll learn to value such 'cording to their worth."

A bright-eyed robin, hopping on the door-stone in search of stray crumbs, and the purple butterflies rifling sweets from the hearts of the crimson roses, are the only listeners to the irate lady's last words, for Beth is already on her way down the lane, crushing the short crisp grass under her hurrying feet, and many a pretty yellow buttercup that grows between.

"Giuseppe! Giuseppe!"

The dun cows lift their heads from their feast of clover as the fresh young voice rings out on the sleepy air, and comes to the bars to gaze at her with loving eyes as she goes by. Another time Beth would have stopped to pat their glossy coats, but to-night she passes them by unheeded and keeps straight on her way.

"Giuseppe! Giuseppe!"

The plow stands motionless in the meadow lot, and the patient grey horse pricks his ears and listens in vain for the voice that usually summons him to resume his weary round. Close by, prone on the brown earth, lies a slim form whose face is hidden from view by a tattered straw hat drawn partially over it.

As the wind bears to his ears the sound of his own name, a shiver runs through the thin frame, and he lifts his head only to let it fall back a moment later on the damp mould.

Beth, clearing the five-bar gate with a bound that brings every nerve of her lithe graceful figure into action, sees the grey horse standing between the hill-rolled furrows, and marvels exceedingly.

The next moment her keen eyes detect also the lad's recumbent form, and the face which he vainly strives to hide from view by the hat's tattered brim.

"Are you ill, Giuseppe?"

A petulant voice it had often been when its owner was crossed or thwarted. A coaxing, laughing voice when addressing the grey-haired father whose ideal she is. A saucy mocking voice that stirred strangely the slow pulses of John Manson's honest heart.

It is none of these now. Only a very soft, pitiful tone that asks half-fearfully in the gloom of the meadow-lot:

"Are you ill, Giuseppe?"

The lad lifts the tattered hat from his face with one long, brown hand and lays the other over his eyes as if to hide them from sight. But Beth puts her own soft fingers quietly over it and draws it away again. There are actual tears in the great dark eyes; eyes looking so longingly up into her face.

"Is it the old hunger Giuseppe?"

A half smile crosses the lad's dusky face. It pleases him to hear her use his own quaint foreign mode of expression.

"Yes it is the old hunger." The English words fall brokenly from his lips. After the flowing musical accents of his own Southern tongue, it is difficult to form the harsher syllables of our colder and more formal language.

Beth has evidently forgotten to remove her hand from his, and when he rises to his feet—a tall, delicate, overgrown lad, whose shoulders are already beginning to bend beneath their weight of unaccustomed toil—he still holds it in a close clasp.

"I hate it—this life," he says—not angrily or passionately; there is too sad a longing in his heart for that. "And yet it is better than the life I fled from. I think I must be living in a dream. All day long, as I follow the plough, my fingers seem to press the magic strings, and the music that surges through my brain fills all the silence around me. But at nightfall the vision flees, and the old weariness comes back."

"Come," says Beth shortly looking round with a half-shiver, "the dew is falling and it grows late. Why, Giuseppe, how bright your eyes are, and your cheeks glow like roses! For shame, to talk of weariness, when——"

The lad straightened his bent shoulders proudly.

"Yes, it is not meet for a man," he responds with a sudden flash of the eye; and with his head still erect, he goes by her side up the green lane at whose further end stands the low, white farm-house; but ere he has traversed a rod her footsteps grow slow and almost faltering.

"Wait!" she cries, pretending to be breathless. "I cannot keep pace with you. See what pretty shadows yon trees make. Do you remember you promised to repeat to me the story of your life again? Why not now when the birds are asleep, and the gloom is round about us everywhere?"

"But you know it already," he affirms, looking down at her.

"I—I have forgotten" she stammers. How can he know, unsuspecting lad, that it is but an innocent subterfuge on her part to gain time.

"Well, 'tis the old story," he says quietly. "My mother was the daughter of a wealthy Englishman, and while summering at Rome she loved and married an Italian musician, against her parents' will. She lived but a year, and I was left to the care of my father, who instructed me thoroughly in the rudiments of his profession.

"At his death my grandfather claimed me, and taking me to England, placed me at school. Great care was taken with my education, which had been neglected: but I was not allowed to touch an instrument or practice a note, for he hated my father's profession.

"He was very cold and stern with me. Perhaps it was because I inherited my father's features as well as his tastes.

"To satisfy the cravings of my nature I was forced to disobey. We quarrelled, and, taking my only earthly possession, my violin, I worked my way across the seas.

"That winter I spent in New York, doing what I could, but when summer came, I wandered forth again into the country.

"Stopping at the door of your dwelling for a draught of cold water, I learned that your good father was in want of hands, so I offered to stop and work. It was better than hunger."

"He says nothing of the fever and the weary weeks in the hospital," thinks Beth sadly, "and the wretched winter."

As if in answer to the thought the boy goes on:

"In the summer weather I was not unhappy, but when the chilling winds came again, and the snow fell, and all the earth was wrapped in ice, I suffered, for in my own balmy clime——"

"Beth!"

The girl starts hastily at the sound of the familiar tones.

"You shall not go to the meadow-lot to-morrow," she cries passionately. "You shall not kill yourself so. You are not used to toil. It is well enough for the rest, but your soul is finer than theirs, as gold is finer than clay. They are blind or they would see it."

The next moment the lad stands alone.

He goes into the low-eaved kitchen and tries to swallow his frugal supper, but the food seems to choke him, so he climbs slowly to his narrow garret, and takes from its case the loved companion of his wanderings, touching its strings softly with long, delicate fingers, hardened and roughened by toil.

A few notes, the introduction to a wild minor fugue, falls on the air—then he lays the instrument down.

"Not to-night," he says wistfully in his own musical tongue. "Not to-night. I am strangely weary and my veins seem on fire. How cool would be the touch of her fingers on my head. Ah! I shiver, too. It must be that the cruel winter has come again with its bitter, bitter cold, and its ice and snow—ice—and—snow."

In the cool keeping-room below, John Manson talks to Beth, while the mother plies her busy knitting-needles, and Farmer Lawson nods over the newspaper.

She makes reply to her suitor as a sensible maiden should, and he cannot know that she is looking far beyond him, out to where in the early dusk, the tall, boyish form had stood, and in place of his rugged countenance, she sees only the thin, flushed face and the dark fever-bright eyes of the Italian lad, Giuseppe.

The next day there was no one to work in the meadow-lot, and the pallet in the narrow garret is empty; but in Beth's vine-shaded chamber, where the breezes creep softly through the casements, the snowy pillows are pressed by a darker head than her own, and the weak voice filling the air with incoherent ravings is other than hers.

"He shall not die in this miserable garret," Beth had declared vehemently, and in spite of all opposition he has been carried down, and Beth installed as nurse, clad in a soft stuff gown, with a muslin kerchief tied quaintly over her sunny hair.

"She is a good child," says Mother Lawson. "It is a kind heart that will care for one not of its own kin."

"She will make you a famous wife, John," quotes the farmer proudly. "Just see what a tender, handy little body she is."

And honest John Manson, watching the tireless form flit hither and thither, answers with a shake of the head and a look on his face that no one but himself understands.

Twice a day the old doctor bends over his patient, and once he says:

"If he dies it will be the result of exposure and over-work."

And Mother Lawson, standing by the bedside, responds in the mildest tone she has ever been heard by mortal to use:

"Well, I can't say about the exposure, but the good Lord knows, if I'd a thought the poor lad was so sickly, I'd a been the last one to over-drive him; but I never could understand them delicate foreign nations."

One day, just as the sun is going down, and the western gates are aglow with crimson color, the white face turns on the pillow, and the dark eyes, full of returning reason, look straight up into Beth's with the old longing look she knows so well.

"Perhaps he wants to hear a chapter of the good book," begins Farmer Lawson, wiping his glasses suspiciously, and he opens the ancient Bible and reads a few verses, but when he ceases the old longing is still there.

Mother Lawson lifts his head and gives him a cooling draught, but even that does not satisfy him. His wistful gaze is still fixed on Beth.

Suddenly the girl darts from the room. Straight up the narrow stairs she goes with fleet steps, and kneels down by the black box half hidden under the sloping eves. With nimble fingers she opens it, and lifts the violin from its coffin-like case.

Beth feels no jealousy in her heart toward the dumb thing, and her touch is gentle as his own was wont to be as she carries it down and lays it silently in his arms.

As his gaze falls on it, a smile of wondrous content crosses his lips, and he puts one hand to touch the strings. One instant the long, slim fingers rest there, and then slip down from sheer weariness.

"Not to-night," he says softly; "not to-night."

When the elders go down to partake of the belated supper in the shady keeping-room, Beth still watches on. The gloom deepens in the apartment, and there is no sound save the chirp of the crickets in the pasture. The moon rising, sheds a flood of lustre through the wide casement.

Leaning forward in the silvery light Beth touches the brown hand lightly. It is icy cold. The girl makes no outcry, sheds no tears, but laying the helpless fingers back on the dumb strings, goes to the window and looks out over the wide fields to the far-off silent woods with eyes that see nothing, and lips that say only, "Not to-night, not to-night. Not any more!"

* * * * *

Two years later Beth marries her old lover, John Manson, and goes with him to his ancient homestead to live. He denies her no wish of her heart, pleased if she but smile on him in return. Soon a little one comes to bear them company, and as time rolls on, a troop of children play through the low-raftered rooms.

In summer their favorite haunts ar the sunny paths bordered by rows of tall hollyhocks, and overrun by creeping myrtle; but in winter they frolic in the great garret, where is stored a multitude of old relics which constitute at once their childish wonder and delight.

One bitterly cold afternoon Beth sits in front of the open fire listening to the wind as it howls through the branches, shaking the frosty panes with savage fury, and watching the red embers as they drop slowly one by one. Suddenly there comes a rush of eager feet along the hall, the sound of childish voices, and the harsh twang of discordant notes.

"Look, mamma," cries Ted, the eldest. "You know you told us never to ... the old leather trunk that stands near the south window, the one that was yours when you were a girl; but Lettie disobeyed, and look what she found at the bottom hidden away in a long black box. See, it has strings, and I can sound them."

"Go back to your play children."

A careful hand takes the violin from Ted's rough grasp, and closes the door on the small revellers. A firm step recrosses the room, and a stalwart form bends over Beth as she still sits in the glow of the fire.

"You need not have hidden this dumb witness from me, Beth," John says kindly. "I know naught of music, but the sight of this is dear to me if only for the poor lad's sake. I know well that you loved him in the old days. I know, too, that I can never be like him. God casts men in different moulds, finer or coarser as the case may be; but he gave me a heart that loves you too well to bid you remember in silence.

Beth cannot see the embers now. There is a curious mist before her eyes; so she looks up at her husband instead.

"You are a noble man, John," she answers softly. "How noble I never realized before. Yes, it is true that I loved the lad, and knowing that you possess this knowledge, I will make you a no less tender and true-hearted wife."

And gazing into the upturned face that, spite of the changes wrought by Time's unyielding hand, is dearer to him than its girlish counterpart, John Manson smiles and is satisfied.

A Barber's Great Knowledge.

"My vrend," said the German barber near the Cooper Institute yesterday, "it isn't nice of you to dalk aboud free drade and such dings. So hellup my cracious! a parber has got to know so much vot he got all der dime a hetache. Effery pody's peezness do parber's peezness been, and ven der parber got such a hetache vot he could gry owid his eyes owid he must for his gustimer's hetache brescribe, and for dootaches, lawsuits, vamily drubbles, and bolitics, and say vot he dinks of some new clothes, and how far it was to Chicago, already."

"Shoost dink of vot I hat to dalk apoud to-day. First, vy hab der Shinese got grooked eyes; negst, der bonal code; negst, is it right to say you are owid ven you aint owid und a tailor calls for some money; negst, vy don't vimmen long peards und Adam's ables got; negst, a horse's head der same size a barrel of flour is. Py chiminy hooky! there comes a veller in already, und says, 'Parber, how der tickens tom vellers can choost ogsackly tell ven der sun mit Venus comes togedder?'"

"What did you tell that man?"

"Vy, I choost told him dot vos nodings. Any man could found dot owid in a almanac."

The barber changed his subject presently, and winking mysteriously, whispered to the reporter:

"Dot monkey-parber py der next shair he veels plue like der tickens. He blayed on me vonce doo offen a choke. You see, he from der same Cherman willage cames mid a rich prewer py der city. He dolt me he vos going der prewer's daughter to marry. He sayt he vent py der prewer und sayt: 'I hear you are goin' to gif avay a hundret tousand dollars mit your taughter?' 'Yah?' sayt der prewer. 'Vel,' der parber says he sayt, 'I vill dook her off your hants for dwendy dousand tollars.' Der parber says der prewer vas vell pleased mit dot. Der parber dolt me he vood make of my shop a balnce so soon as he got marrit. Vell, he got for dree veeks effery afternoon off to go und see der prewer's daughter. Yesterday he vent off to see his girl, und py-und-py I vent der sdreet agross to get some peer. Py cracous! der parber vos dore blaying bool for der drinks. 'Ha! ha!' I sayt, 'dis vos der prewer's taughter, aind it! You peen a nice son of a guns. I got a dousand minds to disshargo you.' Dot's vot I tolt him. I vas so mad could bunch myzelluf uf der nose."

"What did he say."

"He sayt he vos surbrised I couldn't dake a leedle choke like dot.—*New York Sun.*

Aesthetic Cowboys.

Cowboys have their love of the beautiful in revolvers, if nothing else. This is apparent from an experience of the Colt's Arm Manufacturing Company, of Hartford. Two cowboys of Wyoming have just asked for their estimates of the cost of two revolvers of elaborate workmanship. *The Hartford Post* states that "from the designs furnished the stock of each revolver must be of pearl, a horse and rider chased in gold on one side, and a heavily draped woman and birds, in the same precious metal, on the other side. The barrel and working parts of each are also to be heavily chased and inlaid with gold, so much so, in fact, that the steel of the revolver is to be nearly hidden from sight by the gold figures. The but t of each revolver is to be of solid silver, elegantly chased. At the least calculation each revolver, made according to the designs furnished, but without the gold filling, would cost $62, and with the gold filling, $800. The only revolver ever made by the company in any way similar to these designs was for the founder of the company, Col. Samuel Colt, and was placed on exhibition by him at the great London exposition."

The most stylish round hats are tip-tilted over the forehead, the Langtry and the odd-looking Phrygian cap being favorites.

Eldest daughter (aged 10): "I wonder what made ma marry pa? He is not at all the sort of man I should have cared for!"

CURRENT EVENTS.

The firm of Mohr & Mohr, distillers and rectifiers, of Cincinnati, made an assignment. Their liabilities are estimated at $200,000.

The once famous William and Mary College at Williamsport, Va., the alma mater of Jefferson, Marshall, Monroe and Randolph, had only one student last year, and is now closed.

The English Postmaster-General is totally blind, and Mr. George Richardson, who has just been appointed Receiver and Accountant-General to the Post Office is totally deaf. But in the Admiralty is an official who is both deaf and dumb.

When John B. Hoffman killed his son with a pistol shot in Cincinnati several years ago, his explanation that it was an accident was accepted: but now that he has attempted to murder another son, it is believed that he was guilty the former time.

Dr. Thos. Taylor of Washington has made some investigations which convince him that the common house fly, aside from being an annoying pest, is possessed of the capacity of transmitting disease by carrying the germs from place to place.

A horse habitually walks into a saloon in Ft. Wayne, Tex., stands up at the bar like a man and drinks glass after glass of beer, as long as the bystanders will pay for them. He closes his lips over the tumbler, lifts his head, and the beverage gurgles down.

Gen. Beauregard believes that the mud of the streets of St. Louis would make an excellent fertilizer for Louisiana sugar plantations, because the limestone ground off the rough pavements in great quantities would correct the acidity of the soil. He is making an experiment with several tons of the stuff

Dr. Mary Walker's present costume includes a Prince Albert Coat, a high silk hat, and rather loose trousers. She carries a cane, and her hair is unskilfully cut short, as though she had done it herself. Instead of wearing an overcoat during the cold weather, she wraps herself in a heavy shawl.

Russell Sturgess was a poor Boston boy, and became a ten millionaire in London through his connection with the famous banking house of Baring Brothers. He always attributed his success in life to the fact that he got on the wrong steamer by mistake, and was thus led to make the acquaintance of the firm in which he made his money.

Six years ago the Territorial Legislature of Idaho had but one Mormon representative, but now there are ten one of whom is a bishop of the church. The Mormon population is about one-third of the 65,000 inhabitants of the Territory. Their teachers or priests circulate among them continually, and not only instruct them how to vote, but also with whom to trade.

A young woman in Bradford county, went before a Justice of the Peace with the man of her choice and several witnesses, and made herself a wife, satisfactorily to herself, by a simple promise of fidelity, claiming nothing from her spouse as a legal right, and insisted upon no ceremony. There were no vows given under the form of the law, and no pledges. The Justice took no part in the marriage, but sat in the com[pan]y as a witness.

Tennessee is the place where "climate not only gives strength and vigor to the sinews of manhood, but invites the roses of health to nestle and blush upon the cheek of beauty; where college and school scatter the gold dust of knowledge o'er the budding intellects of rising generations, as the church, in free faith and free speech, sanctifies and blesses it; where liberty's laws are no longer guarded by bayonets, as the ballot unmolested, falls in its sacred precincts, and with talismanic power executes a freeman's will, as lightning does the will of God." This 'information was given by Gov. Bates in his inaugural address.

Miss Patience Sakeney was a handsome young lady who made her home in Montgomery City, Mo., and she had three lovers, all well-to-do young men whom she liked all alike. One of them gave her $100 with which to get a wedding outfit. Thinking he was all right he began bragging about beating the other two. One of them at once went to see the young lady and succeeded in getting her to promise to marry him and straightway started to get a necessary license. The third lover hearing what his rival was up to hired a fine team, took the girl to the county seat of an adjoining county, got a license and was married on the spot.

The Rev. Henry Cox, D. D., was Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association in San Francisco, pastor of a mission church, and a United States pension agent. Thomas Hill was a blind and paralytic pauper in the county almshouse. Under the new law Hill was entitled to $7,278 in back pensions, as a veteran of the Mexican and civil wars, and to $72 a month for the remainder of his life. Senator Miller wrote to Cox at the suggestion of the Commissioners of Pensions in Washington, asking him to pay particular attention to this award, as the amount was an unusually large and the helpless recipient might fall into swindlers' hands unless protected. Cox's method of getting control of the matter was to induce Hill to sign an irrevokable power of attorney, authorizing him to take possession of all the money; and when he had got the cash he used it for personal speculation in mining. He prayed with his dupe, and sang hyms to him, but this only allayed suspicion for a while. An investigation has resulted in an exposure but the unfortunate veteran's fortune is probably beyond the reach of recovery.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Why continue the use of irritating powders snuffs or liquids when Ely's Cream Balm pleasant of application and a sure cure for Catarrh and cold in the head, can be had. 50c at druggists or by mail.

Judge T. F. McCormick, of the Court of Common Pleas, Elizabeth, N. J. recently came out in print in a card which reads as follows: "For three winters I have been afflicted with catarrh and cold in the head. Last winter I used Ely's Cream Balm and it has accomplished all that was recommended."

"I was troubled with chronic Catarrh and gathering in my head," said Mr. J. C. Corbin 923 Chestnut st., Field Manager Phila. Pub. House, Pa., "was very deaf at times and had discharges from my ears, besides being unable to breath through my nose Ely's Cream Balm cured me."

Perform present duties, that time may be apportioned for succeeding labor.

For dressing the hair, and be beautifying it when gray, nothing is so satisfactory as Parker's Hair Balsam.

To the blessed eternity itself there is no other handle than this instance.

The name Jennie means a drawn lancet, putting to flight a loathsome disease, and the name Harvey signifies the circulation of the blood. And the time is coming when the name of Dr. David Kennedy will be indissolubly connected in the public mind with the purification of the blood, a deed only less important than the discovery of its motion through the human body. This Dr. Kennedy accomplishes by means of his new medicine, called "Favorite Rem dy." Feb. 3-2t.

It requires less merit to discover the faults of others than to bear them.

AN INCIDENT IN VIRGINIA.

Our old friend, Mr. Wm. Claughton of Healthsville, sheriff of Northumberland Co., Va. says: "We have many good medicines in our parts, but nothing which equals St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy. My family keep the Oil in the house at all times and use it for almost everything that a medicine can be used for. They claim that it is unequaled for rheumatism and all bodily pains.—*Rappahannock, (Va.) Tide Water Index.*

One single act of indiscretion may mar the enjoyment of a whole existence.

For tremulousness, wakefulness dizziness,, and lack of energy, a most valuable remedy is Brown's Iron Bitters.

The energy that wins success that begins to develop very early in life.

☞Feathers, ribbons, velvet can all be colored to match that new hat by using the Diamond Dyes. Druggists sell any color for 10 cts.

An apt quotation is like a lamp which flings its light over the whole sentence.

Easily Proven:—It is easily proven that malarial fevers, constipation, torpidity of the liver and kidneys, general debility, nervousness, and neuralgic ailments yield readily to this great disease conquerer, Hop Bitters. It repairs the ravages of disease by converting the food into rich blood, and it gives new life and vigor to the aged and infirm always.

No metaphysician ever felt the deficiency of language so much as the grateful.

KIDNEY-WORT
HAS BEEN PROVED
The SUREST CURE for
KIDNEY DISEASES.
Does a lame back or disordered urine indicate that you are a victim? THEN DO NOT HESITATE; use Kidney-Wort at once, (druggists recommend it) and it will speedily overcome the disease and restore healthy action.
Ladies. For complaints peculiar to your sex, such as pain and weaknesses, Kidney-Wort is unsurpassed, as it will act promptly and safely.
Either Sex. Incontinence, retention of urine, brick dust or ropy deposits, and dull dragging pains, all speedily yield to its curative power.
☞ SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Price $1.
Acts at the Same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.
KIDNEY-WORT

I have prescribed Kidney-Wort with very great success in a score or more obstinate cases of Kidney and Liver Troubles, also for female weaknesses.—Philip C. Ballou, M. D., Monkton, Vt.

"My wife has been much benefitted from the use of Kidney-Wort. She had kidney and other complaints," writes Rev. A. B. Coleman Fayetteville, Tenn.

KIDNEY-WORT
IS A SURE CURE
for all diseases of the Kidneys and
LIVER
It has specific action on this most important organ, enabling it to throw off torpidity and inaction, stimulating the healthy secretion of the Bile, and by keeping the bowels in free condition, effecting its regular discharge.
Malaria. If you are suffering from malaria, have the chills, are bilious, dyspeptic, or constipated, Kidney-Wort will surely relieve and quickly cure.
In the Spring to cleanse the System, every one should take a thorough course of it.
☞ SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price $1.
KIDNEY-WORT

"I am a living advocate of the virtues of Kidney-Wort. I suffered untold agony from liver disorder. It cured me."—Jnor D. Nevins, Springfield, Ohio.

KIDNEY-WORT
FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF
CONSTIPATION.
No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated Kidney-Wort as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, this remedy will overcome it.
PILES. THIS distressing complaint is very apt to be complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and quickly cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have before failed.
☞ If you have either of these troubles
PRICE $1. USE Druggists Sell
Acts at the Same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.
KIDNEY-WORT

"Constipation, in all its forms, yields to Kidney-Wort. In female diseases it is very successful."—Dr. Philip C. Ballou, Monkton, Vt., Apr. 20-83.

KIDNEY-WORT
THE GREAT CURE
FOR
RHEUMATISM
As it is for all the painful diseases of the KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.
It cleanses the system of the acrid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victims of Rheumatism can realize.
THOUSANDS OF CASES
of the worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, and in short time
PERFECTLY CURED.
PRICE, $1. LIQUID OR DRY, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.
Dry can be sent by mail.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington Vt.
Acts at the Same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.
KIDNEY-WORT

"I could find no remedy for my kidney complaint and rheumatism," writes Mr. A. B. Burr, of Temple's Mill, Florida, "until I was cured by Kidney-Wort." Exposure, incident to lumbering, caused Mr. Burr's disorders.

TRADE MARK.

Dr. CLARK JOHNSONS
Indian Blood Syrup
Cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Skin and Blood. Millions testify to its efficacy in healing the above named diseases, and pronounce it to be the best remedy known to man. Guaranteed to cure Dyspepsia. Agents Wanted.
Labratory 77 West 3d street, New York City, Druggists sell it.

New Lexington, O., April 10, 1880.—Dr. Clark Johnson,—Your justly celebrated Indian Blood Syrup has given me great relief for nervousness and sleeplessness. I would not be without it
S. C. TUSS.

THE
BEE-HIVE
STORE!

Has succeeded in getting one more case of cheap Blankets.

Remember, you can buy a pair of Blankets for $1.50 worth 2.50.

A pair of Blankets for $2.00 worth 3.50.

A pair of Blankets for $3.00 worth 4.50.

Big inducements offered in all Winter Goods, to close out Stock.

BIGGS & CRAWFORD.

HEAD-QUARTERS
H. D. MUNSON & Sons,

Wholesale and retail dealers in Pianos and Organs and importers and jobbers of small instruments and Musical Merchandise, can justly claim that their

MAMMOTH MUSIC EMPORIUM

at Zanesville is the head-quarters for anything and everything in the musical line.
Making a specialty of this exclusive line of business; buying for a wholesale and retail trade extending through from 15 to 20 counties; PAYING STRICT CASH and thus getting all the discounts off, and an experience of 30 years in the music business gives them unequaled facilities for both buying and selling Pianos, Organs and musical merchandise at BOTTOM PRICES for cash, or on monthly or quarterly payments. This is not "blowing," but simply stating the facts as they are. FURTHERMORE H. D. Munson & Sons, being by all odds the most extensive dealers in Pianos and Organs in this section of the State, can have their pick of the many makes of instruments advertised throughout the United States; and always aim to sell the Pianos and Organs of well known and acknowledged superiority, leaving the less known and inferior agencies to small agents who have neither the capital or the trade to control such agencies as the KNABE, CHICKERING, WEBER, HALLET & DAVIS, EMERSON & KURTZMAN Pianos, ESTEY, MASON & HAMLIN, BURDETT, PACKARD ORCHESTRAL, STERLING, and MILLER Organs.
☞Get prices on Pianos and Organs wherever you like then send to H. D. Munson & Sons, who will mail you particulars, prices, catalogues etc., FREE OF CHARGE promptly. Do not buy until you hear from

H. D. MUNSON & SONS, Zanesville, O.

Represented by J. GLOVER, Coshocton, from whom circulars, prices, etc., can be obtained. Dec 2-18-mos.

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☞ ESTABLISHED NINETY-EIGHT YEARS ☜
SEEDS | For the MERCHANT on our New Plan | SEEDS
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For the PRIVATE FAMILY
Grown by ourselves on our own Farms
☞ Handsome Illustrated Catalogue and Rural Register FREE TO ALL.
MERCHANTS, SEND US YOUR BUSINESS CARDS FOR TRADE LIST.
DAVID LANDRETH & SONS, SEED GROWERS, PHILADELPHIA

PENSIONS for Soldiers on any disease, wound or injury. Fees, $10. Bounty, Back Pay, Discharges for Deserters, etc., procured 14 years experience. Address C. M. SITES & CO, 604 F St., Washington, D. Jan20-tf.

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REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

AT THE OFFICE OF

BUCKLEW & MURPHEY.

MAIN STREET

COSHOCTON - - - - OHIO

1st. Farm in Clark tp., 40 acres well improved, good orchard, and coal mines in operation.
2nd. Fine brick residence on Chestnut St., city. Good stable fine location, easy terms.
3rd. Farm in Lafayette tp., along the line of the C. V. Railroad. Well improved, very cheap.
4th. Sold.
5th. Farm in Clark township, 200 acres, at $40 per acre; good time given on back payments.
6th. Lots Nos 110, 120 and 121 in Ricketts' addition, very cheap.
7th. Five lots in Agricultural Society's addition; will sell at a bargain
8th. Sold.
9th. Sold.
10th. Lot 200 original plat of Coshocton: cheap.
11th. Farm in Keene township, 100 acres all in grass; will sell very cheap and on easy terms.
12th. House and lot in Ricketts addition; price, $1,000
13th. Farm in Jefferson township, 80 acres well improved, good buildings, good orchard, 10 acres timber, part bottom land.
14th. House and lot on Sixth street, will sell for one-half of real value.
15th. To purchase. A well improved farm of 80 or 100 acres near Coshocton.
16th. To purchase. Six desirable lots well located in Coshocton.
17th. Sold
18th. Money loaned at 8 per cent. First mortgage security given. No charge for loaning.
19th. Western land for sale or trade. Improved and unimproved farms in Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska and Southern Iowa.
20th. Farm for sale or trade, 200 acres in Madison county, Iowa.
21st. Wanted—To purchase farms in Hamilton or adjoining counties, Nebraska. Cash paid.
22d. Money loaned on good security.
23d. Bills abstracted, deeds and mortgages written and acknowledged.
24th. All wishing to buy, sell, loan money, borrow money, or MAKE money, will do well to call at our office.

CONSUMPTION! FREE!

I have so much confidence in the GREAT GERMAN CONSUMPTION CURE, lately discovered, that I will send the first package FREE to any sufferer. Do not give up, it doctors and friends do. Thousands of almost hopeless cases cured by this remedy.
Address, naming this paper.
J. C. MASON, Syracuse, N. Y.
Jan20-4t.

Free D. M. FERRY & CO'S ILLUSTRATED, DESCRIPTIVE AND PRICED SEED ANNUAL FOR 1883
Will be mailed FREE to all applicants, and to customers of last year without ordering it. It contains about 175 pages, 600 illustrations, prices, accurate descriptions and valuable directions for planting 1500 varieties of Vegetable and Flower Seeds, Plants, Fruit Trees, etc. Invaluable to all, especially to Market Gardeners. Send for it!
D. M. FERRY & CO. DETROIT MICH
Jan20-8t.

FARM FOR SALE.

One hundred and fifty-three acres of land in Bethlehem Township, on the main road from Coshocton to Warsaw; known as the HOLLY farm; four miles from Coshocton and five miles from Warsaw. Large orchard of excellent fruit, large two-story frame house, built in 1880, good outbuildings. Eighty acres bottom land, fifty of which are in grass balance upland; running water in every field, 20 acres good timber. One and one-half miles from the Prairie Chappel church, and one-quarter mile from school.
For prices and terms, call on, or address,
J. A. RANDLES,
Jan20-3m. Roscoe, Ohio.

YOU can have employment at your own home day or evening, whole time or spare moments, in a new business never advertised, entirely free from anything of a "humbug" or "catch-penny" nature. The work is easily done at home, no peddling or traveling necessary. Men, women, boys and girls, anywhere, can easily earn from 50c to $5 an hour, if they only know how and get started right. It can be found in the Secret and send by return mail SAMPLES FREE that will do to commence work on. Send 10c, (silver) or four 3c. stamps for postage and packing. Address plainly, MASON & CO., Montpelier, Vt. Jan20-4t.

PUBLIC SALE.

The undersigned will offer at Public Sale at his residence, one mile south of Chalpers, Franklin township, Coshocton county, Ohio, on

Thursday, Feb. 15, 1883,

AT TEN O'CLOCK A. M.

TWO HEAD OF HORSES,
SEVEN HEAD OF CATTLE,
(Four of them Thoroughbred Short horn.)
FORTY-FIVE HEAD OF SHEEP,
W. A. Wood Harvester and Binder, good as new Mowing Machine and other Farming utensils. Household and Kitchen Furniture.
☞Terms made known on day of sale.
J. E. WOLFE.
Feb.3,2-w

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An Incident of the War.

There was a funeral of a woman near New Haven, Ind., recently, says a correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, who came near being the cause of a deal of bloodshed at one hour of her existence. It is a fact well known to old soldiers that Southern women were very loyal to the Southern cause, and that their loyalty often led to difficulties between them and the Federal soldiers. Margaret Wilson was an Alabamian by birth, and a firm believer in Southern rights. When the Union force occupied Memphis she was to be seen at almost all hours of the day engaged in something which would exasperate the Yankees.

One day in the summer of 1863 many prisoners were arriving in Memphis from Arkansas, and were being guarded on the levee by some men of the Fifty-fourth Ohio. Mrs. Wilson came down in sight of the prisoners and their guards, having with her a little rebel flag, which she waved over her head. The prisoners saw it and began to cheer it. The Captain saw the cause of this sudden outbreak of loyalty, and going up to the woman, ordered her not to display that flag again. But no sooner had he turned from her than she pulled the little piece of painted muslin from her bosom, where she had thrust it when the Captain came up, and flourished it again. The Captain turned to her, trembling with excitement and anger, and told her if she dared to show her flag again he should arrest her.

By this time there were probably 5,000 persons on the levee, attracted by the cheering. Every one expected bloodshed and that the few Union soldiers would be mobbed and killed before assistance could come. The Captain bestowed some vigorous words on the offending woman, and again turned to leave her. He had not gone ten steps before out came the little flag, and high above her head she flourished it. The Southerners cheered as if his horned majesty himself had arrived in their midst. The Captain turned to the offending woman, white with anger, and, rushing up to her with clenched fist, had so far forgotten himself as to be about to strike her, and would have done so had not Lieutenant A. C. Gregory, of the Thirty-second Wisconsin, seized his arm.

Lieutenant Gregory, who had just come up with about thirty men, then undertook to arrest the offender, and she resisted with all the tactics known to women. She threw herself on the ground - kicked, scratched and yelled. The situation was critical in the extreme. The crowd, numbering many thousands, was one swaying mass of yelling, angry men, and all sympathizing with the woman. A Sergeant and private were trying to gather the woman up in some shape in order to carry her, while the mob was closing in on every side. The Lieutenant, drawing his revolver, stepped toward the crowd and shouted that he would shoot the first man who advanced a step nearer, ordering his men to do the same.

Thus the angry men were held at bay for a moment, and then an Indiana regiment came hurrying forward, and, at the point of the bayonet, cleared their way to their comrades, who had the offender now pretty well in hand. Mrs. Wilson was taken to headquarters, and the next morning was sent outside of the Union lines. She passed through many scenes during the war, but she was never so near to causing death as on that morning when the Memphis mob surrounded Lieutenant Gregory and his thirty men of the Thirty-second Wisconsin.

The Aristocracy of the New World.

Some twenty years ago we used to hear a great deal about "mudsills" and "F. F. V.'s"--slang terms implying that the people of Virginia, or of the southern states in general, were of more aristocratic origin than the people of New England, and were accordingly entitled to look down upon them. "We are the gentlemen of this country," said Robert Toombs in 1860. This assumption was thoroughly baseless. In point of fact, the English ancestors of the Washingtons, the Randolphs, the Fairfaxes, and the Talbots were no higher in social position than the families of the Winthrops, the Dudleys, the Miltons, and the Saltonstalls. The foremost families which came to New England were of precisely the same rank with the foremost families which came to Virginia, and in many instances there was relationship between the former and the latter. So far as mere names go, this is well illustrated in Bishop Meade's list of old Virginia families, in which occur such names as Allen, Baldwin, Bradley, Bowdoin, Carrington, Cooper, Dabney, Davenport, Farley, Gibbon, Holmes, Hubbard, Lee, Mordon, Meade, Melson, Newton, Parker, Russell, Selden, Spencer, Talbot, Tyler, Vaughan, Walton, Ward, Wilcox, and Wythe - everyone of which is a name of frequent occurrence in New England. Two-thirds of the names in Bishop Meade's list occur also in "Savage's Dictionary of the Settlers of New England." Most of the leaders of the Massachusetts colonists were country gentlemen of good fortune; several of them were either related or connected by marriage with the nobility; the greater part of them had taken degrees at Cambridge, and accordingly one of the first things that naturally occurred to them was to found a new Cambridge in the new world. If they had remained in England, many of them would have gone into parliament with Hampden and Cromwell, and would have risen to distinction under the commonwealth. — *Harper's Magazine.*

She Resented an Insult to Her Butter.

"That butter came from the North," said the landlady of a Virginia boarding house. "I don't use the common butter of this part of the country on my table. All of my butter comes from a distance."

"Does it walk?" asked the boarder.

"What did you say, sir?"

"I ask does your butter walk in making the journey?"

"No, sir," said the lady with a sweet, sad smile, "but I hope you can walk," and she opened the door.

"Why, madam, I have paid you three weeks in advance."

"It makes no difference. No man who insults my butter can remain under my roof. You flirted with my daughter and abused my husband, and I took it all in good part, but, sir, as you have passed the limit of my endurance, leave this place.—*Richmond (Va.) Whig.*

Aristotle recounts the story of a certain man of Lesbos, who bought up all the oil presses in the country because through the repeated failure of the olive crop for several years they had become useless rubbish. Then, when there came a good year for olives, this man, owning all the presses, sold them at prices satisfactory to himself and made a fortune. This seems to us a distinct and typical corner, and it does not involve the idea of a fictitious transaction.

A Dublin Jarvy.

"Is it a kyar yer luking fur, sorr?" said a man with a whip in his hand, shortly after I landed in Dublin. He touched his cap most respectfully and was almost obsequiously civil.

"Yes," I said.

"Wud ye koindly shtip this way?"

I stopped, and we came to a shattery looking vehicle on two wheels. The seats were sideways over the wheels. There was room for four on the car, two on each side and a place for the driver between facing the horse. The driver hates to get up on his own seat; he always likes to sit on the opposite side from his passenger and drive sideways —his left side to the horse.

"Drive to ——'s Hotel," I said.

"All right yer 'anner," and away we rattled in the most reckless manner, the rough stones and the peculiar bouncy springs of the vehicle sending the passengers sometimes a foot up from the seat. This made hanging on a matter of some interest and difficulty. The hotel I had been looking for was only one block away, although I did not know that, and the Jarvy hauled up at it almost before we started. A car from any one part of Dublin to any other is sixpence, no matter what the distance is, but if a person attempts to pay the legal fare he is apt to hear his character commented on somewhat unfavorably by the driver.

"I suppose double your fare will content you?" I said.

"It will, sorr."

"Well, here is a shilling."

"Ah, now, shure yer jokin'," said the Jarvy. "It's never wid a shilling ye'd be putting off a poor man, sorr. Shure the right fare's wan and six."

"The right fare is a sixpence."

The man jumped down from his seat and instantly his manner changed. He spat on the shilling in his open hand and made motion to throw it away, but took care to put it into his pocket. Such a torrent of marvelous and talented abuse I never before heard. He invited me down on the pavement to have it out with him, but I preferred sitting still, as there was no policeman in sight.

"What's the use of that row?" I said, when he had danced around sufficiently. "You're just the man I want. I was looking for a fluent speaker like you to show me the sights of Dublin. Get up here and drive me to Phoenix Park."

He at once resumed his seat and his politeness and we rattled out into Sackville street, down to the river and along the quays. I had an excellent view of the bridges, which are numerous and beautiful. The Liffy is a much clearer river than you would expect to see going through such a large city. After a drive of several miles we came to the gates of the park.

"Now, then," said I, "you may cross the river and drive back to the old Parliament buildings."

We crossed King's Bridge and came back, getting a glimpse of the round tower of the Castle on the way. As we neared the bank - once the Parliament House - we passed a couple of policemen. I stopped my Jarvy.

"What's the fare," I asked them, "from Sackville to the entrance of the park?"

"Sixpence, sorr," answered the officers.

"And from the park gates to this place?"

"It's a sixpence, too."

"Let's see," I said to the driver, "I gave you a shilling?"

"You did, sorr."

"Well, that makes us square. Next time you get a fare use fair language to him; you will find it pays," and I dismounted and went under police protection for the next few flocks.

I rode with several Dublin Jarvys after that but did not catch such a tartar as my first one, and luckily I never met him again.—*By Luke Sharp.*

How a Noted Duelist Died.

The Comte de Larilliere, one of the well-born among the bretteurs, met one day in the street a business man named Castera, walking with his young and pretty wife. He advanced to him and said, with a polite bow: "I beg your pardon, but I have made a bet with my friend here, whom I beg to introduce to you, that I would kiss your wife while she was walking with you"—here the other man turned livid—"after having given you a slap in the face." Castera fought him next day with pistols. The count's first shot hit Castera on the right ear, the second on the left. Before the third, he cried: "Cette fois je ferai mouche," and with the third he shot Castera through the eye. Castera was avenged in a manner dramatic enough. One night, as Larilliere sat in his favorite seat in a cafe, when a masked ball was going on hard by, a stranger in a domino and mask came up to him, overturned his glass of punch and ordered a glass of orgeat instead. Larilliere, for the first time in his life, turned pale, and cried: "You scoundrel, you don't know who I am." "O, yes," the stranger replied. "I know you quite well," and with the words forced him down into the chair from which he had risen. The orgeat was brought, and the stranger, holding a pistol to Larilliere's head, said: "Unless you drink this off I shall blow out your brains on the spot; and if you do drink it off I will do you the honor of fighting you to-morrow." "With the saber?" cried Larilliere, who had lately been practicing with that arm. "How you like," said the stranger. Then as Larilliere drank off the orgeat, he added, "I have humbled you enough to-night. I put off killing you till to-morrow." The morrow came, the adversaries met, and Larilliere found that he had met his match. The stranger left him not a minute's breathing space, but never followed up his attacks, until at last Larilliere cried insolently: "When are you going to kill me?" "Now," said the stranger, for the first time using his saber like a duelling sword, and lunging through Larilliere's heart. Masses were said in the churches of Bordeaux for the man who had kept his name secret and rid the town of its scourge.—*London Saturday Review.*

The fifteen forts that now surround the City of Rome, have an extent of about twenty-five miles, so that the vanguard of a besieging party would have to occupy no less a circuit than thirty-two miles and the main force a circuit of thirty-eight miles. On the most modest computation the besieging army would, therefore, employ six or seven army corps; that is, from 150,000 to 180,000 men. The forts of Rome, if furnished with heavy artillery, are now capable of a tenacious resistance, without reckoning that a garrison even inferior to the enemy in numbers would be able to embarrass and retard his movements from the very first.

Louise Michel, the Parisian anarchist, recently gave her programme for reforming the world, as follows: "It is to tear down the whole social edifice and begin over again. We must destroy all government. One half of the world must no longer sweat and toil in darkness for the rascals who by a system of lying and thieving keep all the good things of life in their own hands and sit in the sun."

Circus Hustlers.

"Yes, it has been a booming season for some of the shows; but some of them, on the other hand, have 'gone to pieces,'" said a well-known advance agent, in Union Square, the other day. "You see," he continued, "the big fish have swallowed up the little fish, and there has been a good deal of squirming."

"But can you tell me what a 'hustler' is, and what he has to do with the services of a circus?" queried the *Star* reporter.

"What do you know about a 'hustler,' young man?"

Only this," said the reporter, displaying the following advertisement from a sportive paper:

Wanted—Forty more first-class bill-posters for United Shows. We have already secured seventy good men, but, as we anticipate sixty days opposition this spring right on the start, we want forty more reliable bill-posters. They must be good war workers, true to their employers, hustlers, and ready, day or night, for any emergency. Not afraid to fight for their side if it should become necessary to protect their rights. Only those who are well-known bill-posters need apply. We want no lithographers or programmers. To the right kind of men long engagements and liberal wages will be paid. Want none but sober, reliable men. Consider two weeks' silence a respectful negative. Apply immediately to——

"Well, that is a pretty bold advertisement," said the man of sawdust, "but 'hustlers' must be had, and I don't know of any better way of getting them. People who go to circus shows in the city have no idea of the trials we have to encounter in out-of-the-way country places. Not only is there the competition of rival companies, but the countrymen, although they will come any distance to see the show, seem to look upon the show people as their natural enemies outside of the canvas. It is necessary, therefore, for every company to carry with it a number of strong fellows, who, as this advertisement says, are not afraid to fight for their side if it should become necessary to protect their rights."

"You mean to say, then, that the circus companies carry fighters with them?"

"Of course. Why, when a circus man goes off to some of the out of the way places in the Southwest he takes his life in his hands. Tody Hamilton used to tell a story of his adventures in a town somewhere in Texas. The show had a large crowd at both the day and evening performances, but many negroes of the vicinity had tried to force their way in without paying. On being ejected, they vowed vengeance. It was evident when the time came for striking the tents that there would be trouble. The night was pitchy dark and torches were lighted outside the line of the tents. Then it was seen that little knots of negroes had gathered and were watching the proceedings with sullen expression. The circus men knew what was coming and prepared for action. A tent was never struck quicker than that. It was folded, packed and placed in the wagons, when there was a movement among the negroes. The circus men knew that the moment for action had come. Almost in the twinkling of an eye the torches were extinguished, and in the stillness of the night came the sound of the tent men as they descended upon the negroes' heads. Each tent-man had selected the negro he was to attack, and silently and swiftly the work was done, and the circus moved out of town before daybreak. Tody used to say that six negroes were left dead on the field, and that the show people were not prosecuted, because it would have been impossible to have identified the killers. It was certainly a case of the lives of the circus people against those of the negroes, and the circus people did not propose to take any chances. This was one of the most serious circus fights that has occurred in some time, but every season there are a greater or less number of these encounters which never get into the papers; and the show folks have learned to go prepared. So you see, young man, a 'hustler' is a very useful element in the interior economy of a circus."—*New York Star.*

Muscle-Beating.

In Riga, Russia, there is a gymnasium at which many diseases are cured by beating the surface of the body with the hands, or instruments called "muscle-beaters."

These instruments consist of three elastic tubes fastened together at the handle; the circumference of each tube is about that of a finger, its length, as also the thickness of the material of which it is made, varies according to the different purposes for which it is made.

Dr. Klemm, the manager of this institution, holds that, as so much refuse matter is constantly thrown off through the skin, it is of the utmost importance that this organ should be kept in the best possible condition and that the best method of doing this and promoting nerve-currents and blood circulation, is muscle-beating.

He further holds that the advantage of this manipulation over all others, is that it makes the texture of the skin softer and more elastic, and that its action spreads deeper and not only promotes nutrition of muscle, but also the activity of the blood-vessels of the bones.

It is especially beneficial in cases of rheumatism and all chronic diseases resulting from an impaired circulation of the blood.

If the surface of the body is cold at any point, it is an indication of an obstructed circulation, and by slapping with the hands or beaters, till the parts are warm, the equilibrium of the circulation is restored, and serious consequences to health are often avoided.

It is a very old custom to treat the diseases of the human body by mechanical means. The most ancient peoples, the Egyptians and Indians, had in use many different manipulations and exercises of the body for the purpose of aiding the curative tendencies of nature.—Dr. Karoll, physician to His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor of Russia, says he agrees completely with the principles laid down in a work on this subject, and that they are based on the natural sciences.—*Youth's Companion.*

The New Reporter.

The new reporter said he was particularly strong on reporting lectures. He never took any notes, he said, but trusted to his memory, which never failed him. Here is a specimen brick of his first essay: "There is no telling," said the lecturer, "where we might have been to-day, but for the persistent study of Newton in astronomical science, resulting in the discovery of the secrets of the solar system; the inventive brain of a Fulton, which gave us our knowledge of the law of gravity; the untiring energy of Galileo, to whom we are indebted for the printing press; the mental activity of a Franklin, who produced the first steamboat, and the clear-sighted intelligence of Columbus, who robbed the clouds of their electricity." Although the editor admitted that the reporter had evidently got it all in, the report, for prudential reasons, was not printed. The young man is now engaged in looking up a new place. When he gets it no doubt he will be fitted for it.

He Insisted Upon All Privileges.

The other day a lank young man from the country, accompanied by a good looking young woman, arrived in the city and stopped at our largest hotel. "I want you to do the best you ken for us," said the young man to the clerk. "We've just got married, and want to splurge a little. Down in my country I'm the boss. I ken lift agin any man in the community, and I ken split more rails in a day than anybody sepenter knock-kneed Bill, the old Guinea nigger what works on the Ligo Sanders place. Tell us where our room is, please. But I reckon we'll take the range of the big room whar all them big lookin' glasses is a shinin'."

"Do you mean the parlor?" asked the clerk, twisting one of his diamond shirt studs.

"Yes, the perlur."

"Certainly, sir."

The young man and his wife followed a grinning negro and ascended to the parlor. Shortly afterward the clerk, while passing the parlor door, saw Rube throw his arms around his bride and kiss her.

"Here," said the official, "none of that. If you stay in this room you've got to behave yourselves."

"Ain't I got a right to kiss her?" asked the young man.

"Yes, but not here."

"I've got a right to kiss her here or any whar else. She's mine, ain't you Jule?"

"Yes, Rube."

"Didn't the Justice of the Peace say that you must cling to me?"

"Yes, Rube."

"And you are goin' to cling, ain't you?"

"You know I am, Rube."

"That settles it. Put her thar," and puckering up his mouth he received a loud, resounding smack. "The law of Arkansaw says you can put her thar, and put her thar agin, Jule. Now mister man—" but the clerk had vanished, and Rube, turning to his wife, said: "Arter a while you'll find out that I'm a hero and a boss. Put her thar agin, Jule."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Speaking of the iron market, the Philadelphia *Press* says: "The fact that steel rails have declined 25 to 30 per cent. within a year should not be regarded as an indication of the condition of the iron trade throughout. Capacity for the production of steel rails has more than doubled within the past two or three years, besides which very heavy imports were made in 1880, 1881 and 1882. A considerable increase of capacity has been made in other directions, but in no such proportions as in steel rails; neither is there any reason to suppose that there will be any such decline in prices. Pig iron quotations are about as they were a year ago, and although such a thing may occur, there are very few who have a thorough knowledge of the trade who predict with any degree of confidence even a dollar per ton decline."

Wanted--$5,000 worth of furs and [illegible] at my place of business, for which I will pay the highest market [illegible] in cash. A. EVAN[S]. [illegible]

Remember This.

If you are sick Hop Bitters will surely aid nature in making you well when all else fails.

If you are costive or dyspeptic, or are suffering from any other of the numerous diseases of the stomach or bowels, it is your own fault if you remain ill, for Hop Bitters are a sovereign remedy in all such complaints.

If you are wasting away with any form of Kidney disease, stop tempting Death this moment, and turn for a cure to Hop Bitters.

If you are sick with that terrible sickness, Nervousness, you will find a "Balm in Gilead" in the use of Hop Bitters.

If you are a frequenter, or a resident of a miasmatic district barricade your system against the scourge of all countries—malarial, epidemic, bilious, and intermittent fevers—by the use of Hop Bitters.

If you have rough, pimply, or sallow skin, bad breath, pains and aches, and feel miserable generally, Hop Bitters will give you fair skin, rich blood, and sweetest breath, health and comfort.

In short they cure all Diseases of the stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Nerves, Kidneys, Bright's disease. $500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help.

That poor, bedridden, invalid wife, sister, mother, or daughter, can be made the picture of health, by a few bottles of Hop Bitters, costing but a trifle. Will you let them suffer?

CATARRH

HAY-FEVER

A POSITIVE CURE! ELY'S CREAM BALM, FOR CATARRH and Hay Fever. Agreeable to use, unequalled for cold in the head, headache and deafness, or any kind of mucous membranal irritation, inflamed and rough surfaces. A preparation of undoubted merit. Apply by the little finger into the nostrils. It will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the nasal passages of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membranal linings of the head from additional colds completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications. A thorough treatment will cure. Cream Balm has gained an enviable reputation wherever known, displacing all other preparations. Send for circular containing full information and reliable testimonials. By mail, prepaid 50c. a package, stamps received. Sold by all wholesale and retail druggists. ELY'S CREAM BALM CO., Owego, N. Y. nov 25, 1y

MISHLER'S HERB BITTERS

ABSOLUTELY PURIFIES THE BLOOD, Equalizes its Circulation, Regulates its Supply, Improves its Quality, therefore Furnishes Vital Energy.

.... CONQUERS DISEASE, ...

PERFECTS DIGESTION, Improves the Appetite, Cleanses the Liver and Kidneys; Acts as a mild stomachic and Imparts Vitality and Elasticity to every Organ of the Body. Formulæ in use 200 years.

.... IT HAS NO PEER. ....

MALARIA GIVES UP THE GHOST upon use while the system is brought to a state of perfect health and vigor. Get it at once. $1. per Bottle.

Mishler's Green Label Bitters, a Specific for Scrofula, Old Sores, Syphilis, &c., while Mishler's Red Label Bitters are prepared expressly for Diseases peculiar to Females. $1.50 per Bottle.

All sold by Druggists.

Send for book "Messenger of Health."

MISHLER HERB BITTERS CO., Lancaster, Pa.

Parker's Pleasant Worm Syrup works like a Charm.

Executor's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that Thomas J. and Annetius Bell have been appointed and qualified as Executors of the Estate of Joseph R. Bell, late of Coshocton county, Ohio, deceased.

THOMAS J. and ANNETIUS BELL.
feb8-3w.

—CALL ON—

STOCKMAN & HARRIS

When wanting your

PIANO OR ORGAN

TUNED OR REPAIRED.

Perfect satisfaction given or no pay required. Give them a trial. Coshocton, Ohio

St. Jacobs Oil

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY **FOR PAIN.** Relieves and cures RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, BACKACHE, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, SORE THROAT, QUINSY, SWELLINGS, SPRAINS, Soreness, Cuts, Bruises, FROSTBITES, BURNS, SCALDS, And all other bodily aches and pains. FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Directions in 11 languages. The Charles A. Vogeler Co. (Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

cures dyspepsia, heartburn, malaria, kidney disease, liver complaint, and other wasting diseases.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

enriches the blood and purifies the system; cures weakness, lack of energy, etc. Try a bottle.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

is the only Iron preparation that does not color the teeth, and will not cause headache or constipation, as other Iron preparations will.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Ladies and all sufferers from neuralgia, hysteria, and kindred complaints, will find it without an equal.

PE-RU-NA

"For pain in the limbs, back, stomach, breast, side or shoulder blades, take PE-RU-NA." [illegible]

"For cramp of the stomach, colic, diarrhœa, or vomiting, take PERUNA." [illegible]

"For cough, asthma, night sweats, shortness of breath, take PERUNA." [illegible]

"For chronic catarrh, bronchitis, [illegible] and [illegible] take PERUNA." [illegible]

"PERUNA is the purest, most prompt and efficient medicine known to man." [illegible]

"PERUNA is the best appetizer, purest tonic, great invigorator of the body and mind." [illegible]

"If you can't sleep, take PERUNA; if weak or worried mentally, can't rest, take PERUNA." [illegible]

"$1000 will be paid for the least particle of mineral that may be found in PERUNA." [illegible]

Sold everywhere. For pamphlet write to S. B. HARTMAN & Co., Osborn, Ohio.

If you are sick, feel badly, or in any way unwell, take PERUNA and regulate the bowels with

MAN-A-LIN

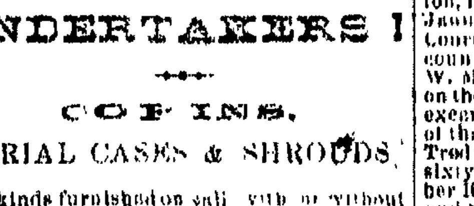
For Sale in Coshocton by Dr. J Anderson & Sons.

D ROSE & SON,

Manufacturers and Dealers in

FURNITURE

AND GENERAL FURNISHING



UNDERTAKERS!

COFFINS,

BURIAL CASES & SHROUDS,

of all kinds furnished on call with or without Hearse.

RICKETTS' BLOCK,

Main Street, COSHOCTON, OHIO

NEUTRALIZED.

In what way a Prevalent Evil may be Shorn of its Power to Harm.

Malaria is a broad name for many diseases—all originating in blood poisoning. Billious fever, the typhus and typhoid fevers and chills and fever are prominent members of the family. Malaria defies alike the builders, the plumbers and the physicians. Despairing of ordinary treatment, the latter almost unanimously recommend BENSON'S CAPCINE POROUS PLASTER as the greatest anti-malarial specific of the age. These plasters act upon the liver, spleen, bowels and kidneys.

Worn over the region of the liver, and upon the back over the kidneys, they ward off malaria like an armor. No other plasters do this.

When you purchase, satisfy yourself that the word CAPCINE is cut in the center of the plaster.

Seabury & Johnson, Chemists, New York. Highest awards at International Expositions.

Jun24-4t.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM.

This elegant dressing is preferred by those who have used it, to any similar article, on account of its superior cleanliness and purity. It contains materials only that are beneficial to the scalp and hair and always

Restores the Youthful Color to Grey or Faded Hair

Parker's Hair Balsam is finely perfumed and is warranted to prevent falling of the hair and to remove dandruff and itching. Hiscox & Co., N.Y. 50c. and $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs and medicines.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

A Superlative Health and Strength Restorer.

If you are a mechanic or farmer, worn out with overwork, or a mother run down by family or household duties try PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you are a lawyer, minister or business man exhausted by mental strain or anxious cares, do not take intoxicating stimulants, but use Parker's Ginger Tonic.

If you have Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaints, or any disorder of the lungs, stomach, bowels, blood or nerves, PARKER'S GINGER TONIC will cure you. It is the Greatest Blood Purifier **And the Best and Surest Cough Cure Ever Used.**

If you are wasting away from age, dissipation or any disease or weakness and require a stimulant take GINGER TONIC at once; it will invigorate and build you up from the first dose but will never intoxicate. It has saved hundreds of lives; it may save yours.

CAUTION!—Refuse all substitutes. Parker's Ginger Tonic is composed of the best remedial agents in the world, and is entirely different from preparations of ginger alone. Send for circular to Hiscox & Co., N. Y. 50c. & $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs.

GREAT SAVING BUYING DOLLAR SIZE.

FLORESTON

Its rich and lasting fragrance has made this delightful perfume exceedingly popular. There is nothing like it. Insist upon having FLORESTON COLOGNE and look for signature of

Hiscox & Co.

on every bottle. Any druggist or dealer in perfumery can supply you. 25 and 75 cent sizes.

LARGE SAVING BUYING 75c. SIZE.

COLOGNE

WE MEAN JUST WHAT WE SAY

The Celebrated Champion Bosom Stretcher and Ironing Board is the only perfect one ever invented. The best selling article ever offered to agents. Patented Sept. 13, 1881. 35,000 already sold. It sells at sight

BIG PROFITS to AGENTS.

Send for Circulars to **E. & W. Manufacturing Co.**, Chillicothe, Ohio.

SELLERS' COUGH SYRUP.

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.

The Board of School Examiners of Coshocton county, will meet at the

Old Union School House,

COR. THIRD & SYCAMORE STS.,

COSHOCTON, OHIO,

Second and fourth Saturdays of March, April, September October, November, and December, and on the fourth Saturday the remaining months of the year.

Examinations will commence promptly at

—NINE O'CLOCK, A. M.—

Each applicant will be required to pay to the Board of Examiners, before entering upon examination, a fee of

—FIFTY CENTS.—

Applicants are also required to furnish a stamped envelope with their address written thereon, on which the result of their examination will be forwarded to them by mail.

JOSIAH HARRIS, Clerk.

[illegible] Compendium of Forms,

[illegible] social, [illegible] and commercial, ever published. [illegible] within 18 months. [illegible] revised, and many new features added; now contains 671 quarto pages, 9 fine colored plates. A Rare Chance for Good Agents. [illegible]

GRAVES & LEWIS, 89 SUPERIOR ST., CLEVELAND, O.

PHIL. HOGLAN, PH. G.,

Analytical and Consulting

CHEMIST,

Special attention given to Toxicology and analysis of iron ores. Office in W. R. Shields drug store.

B. F. SELLS'

LIVERY STABLE,

In rear of Central House.

Main Street, Coshocton, O

Having a good stock of sound, young traveling horses, substantial and fashionable carriages, I am prepared to accommodate the public at all times, at reasonable rates, with Buggies, Carriages, and Saddle Horses.

Horse Feed and Stalls Always Ready

Superintending my business in person, and keeping the best of employees, I am prepared to feed and take the best of care of horses entrusted to my charge, at reasonable rate. Give me a call. B. F. SELL.

LEGAL NOTICE.

James W. McNamara, of Meadville, in the State of Pennsylvania, will take notice that Garrett S. Tredway, of the county of Coshocton, in the State of Ohio, did, on the 15th day of January, A. D., 1883, file his petition in the Court of Common Pleas, within and for said county of Coshocton, against the said James W. McNamara defendant, setting forth that on the 31st day of March, 1874, said defendant executed to said Tredway his promissory note of that date, thereby promising to pay to said Tredway the sum of five hundred dollars in sixty days after date of note; that on September 10th, 1874, defendant paid on said note $180, and that there is due from said defendant to said Tredway on said note, three hundred and eighteen dollars and twenty-five cents, with interest thereon from September 10th, 1874, and praying that said plaintiff, Garrett S. Tredway, may have judgment for said sum due with its said interest against said defendant; that an order of attachment was duly and legally obtained in said action by said plaintiff against the property, real and personal of said defendant, in said Coshocton county, which order was directed to the Sheriff of said county, commanding said sheriff to attach and safely keep all the property, real and personal, goods and chattels, rights and credits of said defendant in said county; that said plaintiff seeks in said action to have attached and sold, according to the laws of Ohio, certain coal and mineral leases on lands in said county, which leases are held and owned by said defendant, or in which he has an interest, and the proceeds of the sale thereof applied to the payment of the said indebtedness of said defendant to said plaintiff, which said leases have been attached by said sheriff by virtue of said order of attachment, and which are described in the return of said sheriff on said order; said leases being all the coal and mineral leases held and owned by said defendant, or in which he has an interest, and lands in said Coshocton county, and the said James W. McNamara is notified that he is required to appear and answer said petition on or before the third Saturday after the 10th day of March next.

Dated February 2d A. D. 1883.

GARRETT S. TREDWAY.
By Nicholas & James, his Attorneys.
2-3-6t.

PAN-HANDLE ROUTE

(PITTSBURGH, CINCINNATI & ST. LOUIS RY.,)

Condensed Time Table of Passenger Trains, Corrected to Jan. 14, 1883.

GOING EAST.

Columbus Time	Fst Ln.	Day Exprs.	Pitts b Exps	Limited Express
	pm.	am.	a. m.	am.
Lv Columbus..	*12.20	*12.15	*8 30	*12.05
" Newark ...	1.25	1.25	9 50	1.10
" Dresdenjun	2.10	2.16	10 40	1.51
" Coshocton.	2.40	2.47	11 10	2.16
" N. C. Town	3.10	3.20	11 43	2.44
Arr Dennison.	3.55	4.05	p.m. 12 40	3.25
" Bowerstown	4.15	....	1 08	....
" Scio.......	4.29	....	1 19	....
" Cadiz Junct	4.44	....	1 45	....
" Stbnville...	5.35	5.45	2 55	4 57
Arr Pittsburgh.	7.30 am.	7.40 pm.	5 25	6.45 pm.
" Harrisburg	4.15	4.00	......	2.20
" Baltimore...	7.45	7.20	......	8 10
" Washington	9.15	8.47	......	9.47
" Phila......	7.50	7.35	......	5.20
" New York.	11.15 pm.	10.25	......	7.25 am
" Boston......	8.00	....	......	6.2

NOTE Accommodation train leaves Columbus daily except Sunday at 4:45 p. m. arrives Newark 6:00 p m; Dresden Jc 7:00 p m; Coshocton 7:26; Newcomerstown 7:57 p. m; Dennison 8:40 p m.

NOTE. Accommodation train leaves Dennison daily, except Sunday, at 5:35 a. m.; arrives at Bowerstown 5.50 a. m., Scio 6:05 a.m. Cadiz Junction 6:24 a. m., Steubenville 7:20 a. m., Pittsburgh 10:00 a. m.

P. W. & K. Division trains leave Steubenville for Wheeling at †5.15 am., †7:25am., †2.25 pm., and †5:50 p m. Returning, leave Wheeling †6.25 a. m., *8:45 am., †1:50 pm., †4:10 pm., and 5.35 pm. arriving at Steubenville 7:35 am, 9:55 am, 3:01 pm, 5.20 pm.

GOING WEST.

	*FstLn	Mail Exprs*	Limit'd Exprs†	E
Pittsburgh.	11.20pm	2.10pm	8.45pm	8.0
Steubenv'e.	1.00am	4.08 "	10..5 "	10.00 am
Cadiz Ju'n.	....	5.12 "	....	11.00 am
Scio	....	5.34 "	....	11.23 am
Bowerst'n..	....	....	....	11.30 p
A Dennison.	2 45 "	6.30pm	12.20am	12.05 m
Newcoms'n	3.20 "	7.10pm	12.54 "	12.42 pm
Coshocton..	3.47 "	7.53 "	1 23 "	1.10 pm
Dresden Jun	4.13 "	8.20 "	1.51 "	1.38 p
Newark....	4.58 "	9.15 "	2.40 "	2.25 pm
A Columbus	5.55 "	10.30 "	3.45 "	3 30 pm
L Columbus	9.55 "	11.00pm	3.55 "	3.50 pm
A Dayton...	12.50pm	....	6.35am	6.25 pm
Cincinnati.	2.45 "	4.00 "	8.00am	8.00 pm
Louisville..	....	12.45am	12 45pm	12.40 pm
Urbana....	7.35am	....	7.35am	5.22 am
Piqua......	8.25pm	....	8.25am	6.14 pm
Richmond..	9.50 "	....	9 50am	7.55 pm
Indianap's..	12.15 "	....	12 15 m	10.50 pm
St. Louis...	....	....	8.10pm	7.30 pm
Logansport.	....	....	8 20pm	2.10 pm
Chicago....	....	....	8.20pm	7.30 am

NOTE. Dennison Express leaves Pittsburgh daily, except Sunday, at 4:02 p. m., arrives at Steubenville 6:15 p. m., Cadiz Junction 7:15 p. m., Scio 7:35 p. m., Bowerston 7:52 p. m., Dennison 8:15 p. m.

NOTE. Accommodation train leaves Dennison daily except Sunday, 5:40; ar. Newcom'tn 6.19; COSHOCTON 6:48; Dresden Jc 7:15; Newark 8:20; Columbus 9:45.

*Daily. †Except Sunday.

Through Chicago Express, with Sleeping Coach, leaves Columbus daily except Sunday at 5.00 p. m., arriving Chicago 7 30 a. m.

Cincinnati Mail leaves Columbus at †11:00 a. m., arrives Cincinnati 4.00 p. m.

CADIZ BRANCH TRAINS—(Except Sun.)

Leave Cadiz Junction 6 35 a. m., 11.05 a. m., 1.50 p. m., 5.15 p. m., and 7.20pm. Arrive Cadiz 7.20 a. m, 11.45 a. m., 2 30 p. m., 5 55 p. m and 8.00 p.m

Leave Cadiz 5.45 a. m., 10.15 a. m., 1.05 p. m., 4.00 p. m. and 6.30 p.m. Arrive Cadiz Junction 6 25 a. m., 10.55 a. m., 1.40 p. m., 4.40 p. m. and 7.10 p m

Sleeping Cars East, without change, to Pittsburgh, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia, and New York; West to Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis and St. Louis, and from Columbus to Chicago.

Baggage checked to all principle points East and West.

JAS. McCREA, Manager. Columbus O.
E. A. FORD, Gen. Pass. & Tick't Agt. Pittsburgh, Pa.

NEW YORK WEEKLY HERALD.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

The circulation of this popular newspaper is constantly increasing. It contains all the leading news of the Daily Herald and is arranged in handy departments. The

Foreign News

embraces special dispatches from all quarters of the globe. Under the head of

American News

are given the Telegraphic Dispatches of the week from all parts of the Union. This feature alone makes

The Weekly Herald

the most valuable chronicle in the world, as it is the cheapest. Every week is given a faithful report of

Political News,

embracing complete and comprehensive despatches from Washington, including full reports of the speeches of eminent politicians on the questions of the hour.

The Farm Department,

of the WEEKLY HERALD gives the latest as well as the most practical suggestions and discoveries relating to the duties of the farmer, hints for raising Cattle, Poultry, Grains, Trees, Vegetables, &c., &c., with suggestions for keeping buildings and farming utensils in repair. This is supplemented by a well-edited department, widely copied, under the head of

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giving recipes for practical dishes, hints for making clothing and for keeping up with the latest fashions at the lowest price. Every item of cooking or economy suggested in this department is practically tested by experts before publication. Letters from our Paris and London correspondents on the very latest fashions. The Home Department of the WEEKLY HERALD will save the housewife more than one hundred times the price of the paper. The interests of

Skilled Labor

are looked after, and everything relating to mechanics and labor saving is carefully recorded. There is a page devoted to all the latest phases of the business markets, crops, merchandise, &c., &c. A valuable feature is found in the specially reported prices and conditions of

The Produce Market.

Sporting news at home and abroad, a story every week, a sermon by some eminent divine literary, musical, dramatic, personal and sea notes. There is no paper in the world which contains so much matter every week as the Weekly Herald, which is sent postage free for one dollar. You can subscribe at any time.

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CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

Jan20-

PATENTS.

F. A. Lehman, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the Patent Office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular. Jan 20 1t.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that John S. Elliott and Henry Marx, partners in trade under the name Elliott & Marx, made an assignment for the benefit of their creditors on the 23d day of January, 1883. Creditors will present their claims to me for allowance, and debtors will call on the undersigned and pay all debts due the said firm.

J. M. COMPTON, Assignee.

January 25th, 1883.

PATENTS. ANDERSON & SMITH, Solicitors of U. S. and Foreign Patents, No. 700 Seventh Street, cor. G, opp. U. S. Patent Office, Washington, D. C. Correspondence solicited. No charge for advice. No fee charged unless Patent is allowed. References, Lewis Johnson & Co., Bankers, and Postmaster, Washington, D. C. Pamphlet of Instructions free.

an20-tf.

LAND Claims a specialty, and WARRANTS, ADDITIONAL HOMESTEAD CERTIFICATES and all kinds of LAND SCRIP bought and sold. Large Stock, and HIGHEST PRICES paid. Do you want to sell or buy? If so, write to [illegible] THOMAS, Attorney-at-Law, Washington, D. C.

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ADDITIONAL LOCAL.

—No new cases have been commenced in the Common Pleas court since our last report.

—The Cleveland, Tuscarawas Valley & Wheeling road was sold by Major W. F. Goodspeed, Special Master Commissioner of the United States District Court, Monday at Cleveland under judgment in favor of the Union Trust Company, of New York, to E. R. Perkins, trustee, for the sum of $3,252,500.

—A special meeting of the Coshocton county Pomona Grange was held at their hall in Coshocton, last Saturday, at which the following officers, recently elected for the ensuing year, were installed: Master, J. L. Rogers; Overseer, Mrs. M. W. Denman; Lecturer, Mrs. A. F. Cantwell; Steward, Johnson Ogilvie; Assistant Steward, L. P. Burt; Chaplain, W. S. Simon; Treasurer, J. B. Burt; Secretary, D. F. Denman; Gate Keeper, M. Morgan; Pomona, Mrs. Sophia Ogilvie; Flora, Mrs. R. J. Adams; Ceres, Mrs. Jane Richeson; Lady Assistant Steward, Miss Dora Richeson. The Farmers' Home Journal says that "nowithstanding the inclement weather, this meeting of Pomona Grange was one of the largest ever held, showing increased interest in the work of the Order, and a determination to press onward until every obstacle in the way of our Order's progress shall be overcome. The next meeting will be held at the Hall of Coshocton Grange on Saturday, April 7th, at 10:30 A. M."

Notice to Bee-keepers.

The Tuscarawas Valley Bee-Keepers' Association will hold a called meeting in the City Hall, in Coshocton, on Wednesday, February 14th, at 10 o'clock A. M. All persons interested are invited to be present. If you have anything that will interest bee-keepers, or advance the science of bee-culture, bring it along for exhibition.

L. B. WOLFE, President.
J. A. BUCKLEW, Secretary.

Probate Court.

David E. Almack was appointed guardian of Willis L. Almack. Bond $1500

The costs in the matter of the appointment of a guardian for Jesse H. Workman have been paid into court, and witnesses are requested to call and get their fees.

Transfers of Real Estate.

F. L. Rodehaver et al. to E. F. Blake one-third of lots 26, 27 and 28, in Walhonding, for $300.

A. J. Miller, administer of James A. Donohew, deceased, to Peter Eckert and Geo. Connor, house and lot in Coshocton for $333.33.

Anthony Durbin to Henry Speckman 20 acres in Monroe tp. for $600.

Wm. Hawk to Wm. L. Kerns, two lots in Bakersville for $140.

James T. McCleary to Benj F. McCleary, ¼ of an acre in Franklin tp., for $50.

Joseph Jennings to Wm. S. Simon, 33 acres in Franklin tp. for $1450.

Jennie P. Williams to Elizabeth F. Judd, south half of lot 150 in Coshocton for $1500.

Commissioners' Meeting.

The County Commissioners were in session Monday and Tuesday. Miscellaneous bills were presented and allowed to the amount of $3681.07; and $50 were allowed for hawk heads.

Commissioner Lorenz reported contracting on the second day of January, 1883, with Daniel Miskimen for a rip rap protection at new bridge near Newcomerstown, for which Miskimen is to receive 85 cents per yard, the protection being to secure the pier and abutment of said bridge. The contract was approved by the other Commissioners.

The Board contracted with Mr. Grimm for placing Mill Creek bridge near land of Daniel Felton, on the abutments, the superstructure having been carried down the creek some twenty feet by the recent high waters. Grimm is to receive $8.

Contracted with Fred Mayer for the superstructure of a bridge across Mill Creek, Keene township, for which he is to receive $5.95 for lineal foot; also contracted with same for a bridge across the Ohio canal about one mile above Wild Turkey Lock for which he is to receive $6.50 per lineal foot.

Dresden.

For the time in the year, and considering the closeness of the times, our town is lively and business in the various mercantile and industrial departments has livened up to a degree far beyond the expectation of our most hope ul citizens; if it keeps on this way till spring, we can hardly contemplate the immensity of its proportions. The failure of a business firm of any kind in a town like Dresden we would naturally look upon as inauspicious, but the two which have occurred here in the past two or three months, seems only to augment our business, and the rush continues as though such firms had never existed or failed. Improvements of various kinds are going on; the planing mill running every day, turning out work and trying to catch up with their orders which are piling in upon them from every direction.

The large flouring mill of the Rambo Brothers, is being overhauled and remodeled with a view to putting in a number of rollers on the latest and most approved plan; they are bound to keep up with the times and avail themselves of every facility for producing the very best grade of flour that can be made from wheat.

A few days ago some of the members of the Baptist church conceived the idea of getting a bell for their new church, and a heading was written to a subscription list, and in less than three days time the requisite amount for a fine large bell was secured, the bell was ordered from Baltimore, and one of the officials of the church told us that by Sunday the 11th, they expected to have their bell in position and ring it for Sunday school. It took but little effort when Rev. Dunaway said he wanted the bell; he is a thorough going man and a working minister.

The monthly union temperance service was held in the Baptist church last Sunday evening; sermon by Rev. Shepherd, of Granville, Ohio; he commanded the closest attention of a very large house for a full hour.

John W. Winder, the great lock and safe man has been in our town for several days supplying the trade with various kinds of safes. J. C. Dorsey, our hardware man purchased a very large fine safe from him and also a fine large time lock of Mr. W's own invention, said to be superior to any time lock in use.

John L. Adams & Co., started up their large Foundry and Stove Works last Monday after resting a few weeks and getting things in trim. They run a large force and do an extensive business.

Not much sickness here now; every body seems happy. Telephone is a grand success. RESERVE.

Wills Creek.

Our little village has been divided in halves for several days by the high water. The ice gorging in the Muskingum river near the mouth of the Wills Creek completely overflowing the bottom lands on the river and creek taking all the feed off of both streams, and the loss of one hundred sheep for John Matchet, and hogs and wagons, and sled and self-binder for Valentine Zimmer. The family of Zimmer had to leave their house in great haste about noon on Sunday. They were ready to eat their dinner of chicken and other good things, but the water came rushing in and told them to leave or go under---they left.

Mike Lapp lost a rick of wheat, and all the fodder and corn he had on his bottom land. He has sheep and cattle and no feed. James Quinblins house is entirely surrounded by water. He had about one-half of an acre to exercise himself and family and horses, hogs, chickens upon. I did understand he took his hogs in the house, and was fixing to take his horses and cows in also. Casper Sandle lost three hundred and fifty shocks of corn and fodder, a big loss for him.

The river is falling now but the ice has not gone. The gorge extends from Wills Creek to Dresden, not less than twelve miles.

Wylis Dayton has sold his farm to Adam Hahn. Dayton is going to Iowa.

Howard Wertz has been sick for four weeks with typhoid fever, but is better now. Henry Stagmer and his child have been sick four weeks with same fever, but are now convalescent. Geo. Roller met with an accident a few nights ago. He called Dr. Henderson to see his child, and returning home in company with the Dr, his horse fell on his leg and broke it near the ankle. He is one of the honorable grand jurors from our township. He says if they need him the rest of the Jury must come to him.

I understand our township Clerk, James W. Clark, will move to the town of Coshocton about the first of April. ABE.

A Nevada man who has been very deaf for years, was recently severely burned about the face and neck and afterward found that he could hear perfectly well. He attributes his cure to the shock, but it is too violent a remedy to be generally accepted.

For forty-five years a Philadelphian has struggled through the world bearing the name of Nathan Ruzanowskowski, but has sought and obtained relief at last, a court granting his petition to change his name to Nathan Rosenau.

A preacher in Tennessee tried to establish a church in which there should be no members who used tobacco and no beverage but water, and his only congregation was an old woman who chewed slippery-elm and believed in catnip tea for measles.

A convict at the Nevada Penitentiary says he was sent to prison for being dishonest, and yet he is compelled every day to cut out pieces of pasteboard, which are put between the soles of cheap shoes made there and palmed off on the innocent public as leather.

They tell in San Francisco of a very wealthy woman who is remarkably strict in the discipline of her servants. She defends herself by saying that she was a servant until five years ago, and, therefore, knows all about both sides of the subject.

Mr. W. W. Story, the sculptor, has been commissioned to supply a statue of Chief Justice Marshall. He is to have $40,000 wherewith, and two years' time wherein to complete the work. When finished it will be given a place to the east of the Capitol building at Washington.

A London organ-grinder recently played before the house of an irascible old gentleman, who furiously and with wild gesticulations, ordered him to "move on." The organ-grinder stolidly ground on, and was arrested for disturbance. At the trial the Judge asked him why he did not leave when requested. "No spik Inglese," was the reply. "Well," said the Judge, "but you must have understood his gestures, his motions." "I tinkee he coma to dance," was the rejoinder.

In writing about the visits of the Lorne and Louise party, a San Francisco correspondent of the Montreal *Gazette* says: "At the Nilsson concert her Royal Highness was the observed of all observers and the plainest dressed lady in the house; but there was that about her 'which passeth show.' Many a father whose purse strings were sorely tried blessed her for her simplicity and good taste; many an ambitious young husband inwardly invoked untold benedictions on her for having set such an example, and will ever hold her as a model for lavish wives and daughters."

Jenny Lind.

Jenny Lind now resides in London, and is by no means the aged lady that some reports describe. She is 60, but does not look 50, her eyes bright and happy, and her form well preserved. Her home is spacious and attractive. She retains warm memories of the stage, and has kindly welcomed and advised the young singers who have sought her out. But her general advice to aspirants is—don't.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

ST. ANTONY'S FIRE.

This is only another name for Erysipelas, one of the most terrible of human ailments. Mishler's Herb Bitters never fails to cure it. The wife of Mr. Chas. Wentzel, of Zanesville, Ohio was cured by this remedy of a case of erysipelas of 3 years standing. Mishler's Herb Bitters, the most wonderful medical discovery of the 19th century cures Dyspepsia, Ague, Sick Headache, Kidney and Liver trouble, and purifies the blood, thus correcting a host of disorders. All respectable druggists sell it.

There is one art of which every man should be master—the art of reflection.

Ladies and all sufferers from neuralgia hysteria, and kindred complaints, will find without a rival Brown's Iron Bitters.

Admiration is a short-lived passion, unless it be fed with fresh discoveries.

An-a-lep-say is "a restoration to health, or the condition of former invalids who have used Mishler's Herb Bitters.

All men are liberal; some to those who are in need, and others to themselves.

HAYESVILLE, O., Feb. 11, 1880.—I am very glad to say I have tried Hop Bitters, and never took anything that did me so much good. I only took two bottles and I would not take $100 for the good they did me. I recommend them to my patients, and get the best results from their use.

C. B. MERCER, M. D.

Unkind language, on the principle of like begets like, bringing the same return.

IDLE EXPERIMENTS.

When a man is well and sound he can afford to be indifferent to the character of all the medicine in the world. But when disease is fairly eating him up he must do something at once and do it intelligently. Therefore do not doze yourself with a hundred things in the hope that some of them may hit the mark, but try Dr. David Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy," which hits it every time. For Kidney and Liver troubles, Piles and Constipation, it is just what you want. Druggists have it, or mail one dollar to the Doctor, at Rondout, N. Y.

Feb 2-3t

It is not life to live for one's self alone. Let us help one another

AN OLD MAN'S BELIEF.

Have used Parker's Ginger Tonic for my bad cough and hemorrhage I had twenty-five years. I feel like another man since I used it. Am 60 years past. Believe it sure to cure younger persons. A. ORNER, Highspire Pa. 4t

Conscience is the voice of the soul; passions are the voice of the body.

HOPE FOR DRUNKARDS.

My husband had drunken habits he could not overcome until Parker's Ginger Tonic took away his thirst for stimulants, restored his energy of mind and gave him strength to attend to business.—Cincinnati Lady. feb 10-1t

He who sees the end from the beginning will do only what is right.

For 13 years I had Chronic Catarrh. The Catarrh is well. Peruna. Mrs. J. MANKS, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Do not suffer life to stagnate; it will grow muddy for want of motion.

Mrs. M. WATCHER, Springdale, Pa. My Chronic Catharrh is much better from the use of Peruna.

A chasm that often separates friends---sarcasm.

I had Chronic Catarrh for years. Peruna cured it. I. STRASSBURGER, Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE greatest of all faults is to defraud ourselves.

I was reduced to the verge of the grave with Leucorrhoea Uterine Catarrh and Amenorrhoea. Peruna cured. Mrs. A. W. JACKSON Pittsburg, Pa

Daughters, Wives and Mothers.

Dr. Marchisi's Catholicon a Female Remedy—guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. Will cure female diseases. All ovarian troubles, inflammation and ulceration falling and displacement of bearing down feeling, irregularities, barrenness, change of life, leucorrhœa, besides many weaknesses springing from the above, like headache, bloating, spinal weakness, sleeplessness, nervous debility, palpitation of the heart, &c. For sale by druggists. Price $1.00 and $1.50 per Bottle. Send to Dr. J. B. Marchisi, Utica, N. Y., for Pamphlet, free. For Sale by L. K. Anderson.

Positive Cure for Piles.

To the people of this county we would say we have been given the Agency of Dr. Marchisi's Italian Pile Ointment—warranted to cure or money refunded—Internal, External, Blind, Bleeding or Itching Piles. Price 50c. a Box. For sale by L. K. Anderson.

Rock Candy Cough Cure.

Warranted to cure or money refunded, Colds Coughs, Hoarseness, Throat and troubles, (also good for children.) Rock Candy Cough Cure contains the healing properties of pure white Rock Candy with Extracts of Roots and Herbs. Only 25c. Large bottles $1.00 cheapest to buy. For sale by L. K. Anderson.

MARY STUART FACE POWDER contains no mineral poison. Tint of White 25c a box at L. K. Anderson's. 11-25-1y.

MARKETS.

Coshocton Prices Current.

Corrected weekly by D. H. Mortley, Grocer, E. R. Corner.

Apples, green, per bushel	75 to 00
Apples, dried, per pound	4 to 5
Butter, per pound	23
Bacon, sides, per pound	15
Beans, per bushel	2 00 to 250
Beeswax, per pound	26
Chickens, per pair, spring	40
Corn Meal, per sack	25 to 50
Dried peaches, pared, per lb	25
Eggs per dozen	25
Flour per sack	1 60
Flour by Patent Process	1 80
Hams per pound Country	10
Honey per pound	15
Lard per pound	10
Onions, per bushel	50
Onion Sets, per bush	
Potatoes per bushel	70
Peaches, dried, per pound	5to6
Shoulders per pound	9
Salt per barrel	1 40
Tallow per pound	6 to 7

Subject to changes during the week.

Coshocton Grain Market.

WHEAT—Per bushel, white, old	$ 1 00
WHEAT—Per Bushel, red, old	1 00
WHEAT—Per Bushel, new	1 00
CORN—old	50
OATS—	40
RYE—	65
FLOUR—Per Barrel, XXX	6 25
Per Sack, XX	1 50
MEAL—Per Bushel	90
BRAN—Per hundred	85
SHORTS—	1 00
CORN and OATS CHOP—	1 00
PATENT FLOUR—per sack	1 50

Pittsburg Market.

Corrected especially for the Coshocton AGE, by R. Beatty, Son & Co., 163 Liberty Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. Wholesale Produce Commission House, established 1830, receive and sell all kinds Country Produce, Domestic and Foreign Fruits and Vegetables. Shippers and country dealers having seasonable produce, etc., for sale, are invited to consign or correspond.

Provisions

PROVISIONS—Ex. S. C. Hams, per bll 13½c; Ex. S C. Shoulders, 9½c; Ex. S C. Breakfast Bacon, 13½c; Ex. S. Dried Beef in sets 12½c; Beef Tongues per dozen 7 00; Bacon Shoulders, 9½c; Short Rib Sides, 12 1-4c; Clear Sides, 12½; Mess Pork, per bbl 18 75 do, Short Cut Family, 40 to 50 pcs., in bbl 18 75; Lard, refined summer use in tierces, 11½c; do, in half bbls, 12½ c; do in buckets 12 1-2c do, 3 lb pails 60 lbs in case 13½; do 5 lb pails, 13c; do, 6 lb pails 13c; do 10 lb pails, 12 3-4c.

Country Produce.

APPLES—New, Choice, per bll, 4 00a4 50 good, 3 50a4 00; medium, 2 00a3 00.

APPLE BUTTER—per gal, 50a70c; Apple Jelly, 8a7c per lb.

BUTTER—Dairy, 25a27c; "Gilt Edge," 23a25c; Creamery, 35a40c; Choice Roll, 18a20c; Extra Choice Roll, 22a25c; Medium, 12a15c.

DRIED FRUITS—Apples, sliced, 8a10c; do quarters, 7a8c; Peaches, halves, 6a7c; peeled do 15a18c; pitted Cherries, 23a25c; Rasberries, 34a35c; Blackberries, 12a15c; per lb for all.

FEATHERS—Live Geese, per lb, 55a60cs Mixed, 45a50c.

EGGS—Strictly Fresh, case, 27a28s.

HONEY.—York State 22 to 25; White Clover 20to23; Buckwheat 18a20

MAPLE SWEETS—Syrup, 00a1 00 per gal; Sugar, 11a12c per lb; Sugar, grab, 9a10c.

ONIONS—Onion s 1 50a1 80 per bbl.

POULTRY—Live Chickens, 60a70c per pair, according to size; Old, 60a70; Dressed Turkeys, 15a18c per lb.; chickens 14a15c per lb. Ducks, 11a13 per lb.; Geese 7a8 per lb.

POTATOES—85 to 90 per bush.

SALT—No. 1, per bbl, 1 20; Extra, per bbl, 1 25; Dairy, per bbl, 1 50.

RAGS—Cotton, White, per lb, 2½c; Cotton, Mixed, 2a2½c; Woolen, 1-4a½c.

SEEDS—Timothy per bushel, 2 00a2 15, Clover, 5 00a5 25, for small; 5 25a5 75 for large.

TALLOW—Country 7a7½c; Beeswax 23a26c per lb.

Grain, Flour, Feed, Etc.

WHEAT—Prime Red Winter, 1 10a1 1 12; Medium, 1 00a1 05.

CORN—High mixed Shelled, 51a55; Yellow Shelled, 55a56; Ear Corn, 50a53.

OATS—46a47.

RYE—Choice, 65a70.

BARLEY—80a90 for Prime North-western Spring; 75a80 for Medium.

FLOUR—Fancy Patents, spring and winter, 7a7 50; Fancy St. Louis, winter, 7 50a7 75 Fancy Family White Amber and Winter, 6 00a6 25; Choice Family, choice red winter, 5 25a6 00; XX Family, medium winter, 5 50a5 75 XXX Bakers, Minnesota, 6 00a6 25; XX Bakers Wisconsin, 6 00a6 25; Cornmeal, 85a90c in paper. Oatmeal—medium brand—7 25a7 50 per bbl; Fancy, 7 75a8 00. Rye Flour, 4 50a4 75; buckwheat flour 3½a3¾.

MILL FEED—White Middlings, 22 00a24 00; Coarse, do, 17 00a18 00; Seconds, 18 00a21 00; Bran, 15 00a16 00; Chopped Feed, 24 00a26 00.

HAY—Prime Timothy baled, at 11 00a12 00 ton; Prime New Loose, 12 00a15 00. Prair ie 9 00a10 00.

East Liberty Live Stock Market

Corrected Especially for the Coshocton Age by John Hasket, & Co., Live Stock Commission Merchants.

SHEEP.

Extra, 100 to 110	$5 50@5 75
Good, 90 to 100	5 25@5 40
Fair, 80 to 90	4 25@4 50
Common, 70 to 80	3 75@4 25
Spring lambs	5 00@6 25

CATTLE.

Extra 1,400 to 1,500	$5 75@6 25
Good 1,200to 1,300	5 50@5 75
Fair 1,000 to 1,100	4 75@5 25
Com 800 to 900	4 25@4 50

HOGS.

Tops	$7 45@7 55
Yorkers	7 20@7 30

Light run of hogs. Market active. Cattle quarter stronger than last week Sheep selling slow at last week's prices.

Chicago Grain Market.

Wheat	$1 07
Corn	57
Oats	38
Rye	62

Coshocton Fur and Pelt Market.

Skunk, prime	1 00
Raccoon, "	75
Opossum, "	20
Muskrat	12 1-2c
Red Fox No. 1	1 00
Mink	10a40c
House Cat	10a15c
Sheep Pelts	25ca1 00

OPERA HOUSE, COSHOCTON,
ONE NIGHT,
MONDAY, February 12th.
20th Annual Successful Season 20th
Howorth's Double Show,
GRAND HIBERNICA
AND COMEDY COMPANY.
Positively the Largest and Most Complete Entertainment of this kind in existence.
5 Great Comedians 5
And a strong Comedy Company in the funniest of all Irish Comedies.
MULDOON'S MEANDERINGS
Or an Irish American's trouble in Ireland. A tour through the EMERALD ISLE, north, east, south and west.
A Great Specialty Company, and the most magnificent scenery ever seen in this city, including new scenes of the recent trouble in Ireland. Beautiful Living Allegorical Tableaux. An entire new show this season, and more fun without vulgarity than any company on the road.
Popular prices. Reserved seats on sale at City Drug Store. feb3-2w.

Administrator's Sale of Real Estate.

In pursuance of an order of the Probate Court, of Coshocton county, Ohio, I will offer for sale, at public auction, on

Tuesday, March 13th, A. D., 1883,

At one o'clock in the afternoon upon the premises, the following Real Estate, situate in the county of Coshocton, in the State of Ohio, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

A part of the south-west quarter of section No. two (2), township No. six (6) of Range four (4) of the unappropriated lands in the military District subject to sale at Zanesville, Ohio, bounded on the south by the Coshocton road, on the west by land formerly owned by Henry C. Powell, and now owned by Valentine Rice and John Mixler, on the north by the Danville road and on the east by land formerly owned by John Hinds and now owned by the heirs of Stephen H. Lovejoy, and is known as the dower estate of Catharine M. DeCamp, widow of John DeCamp, deceased, and is estimated to contain twenty-nine acres, more or less.

Appraised at $1,305.

Terms of Sale—One-third in hand, one-third in one year, and one-third in two years from the day of sale with interest, the deferred payments to be secured by mortgage upon the premises sold.

ANDREW HAWK, Administrator of the Estate of Catharine M. Miller, deceased. Feb10-6t.

COAL BANK REOPENED.
The Endsley Coal Bank, two miles east of Coshocton, is again in operation, with
JOHN L. DAVIS
In charge. This coal is acknowledged to be the best in this market. Deliveries promptly made.
☞Leave orders at the Grocery Store of Geo. T. Ayres.
JOHN L. DAVIS.
Feb10-4t.

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO'S BEAUTIFUL EVER-BLOOMING
ROSES
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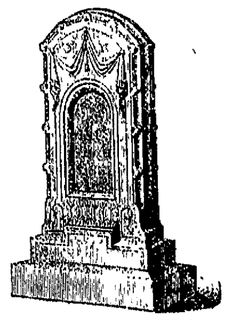

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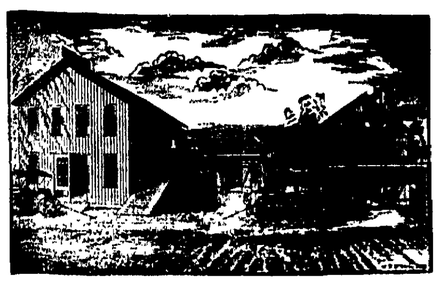

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